

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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### Stendhal

WHEN writers write and teachers talk of "the growth of literature" they mean usually that each generation is adding its own books, one by one, to the world's library. But this is a feeble and inaccurate conception. "Literature" is only an abstraction; it is the experience of readers that grows, and old books may be as novel and as nourishing as volumes damp from the press.

Marcel Proust has been a recent experience for some American readers. He is both new and novel, and now that he begins to be in English will be read by many who might have been foiled by the curious involutions of his French. "Swann's Way" is a remarkable book by any measure, although it takes a summer holiday to follow its ordered labyrinth of description and analysis. The long narrative of Swann's hopeless love, when he knows it is hopeless, when he knows that he is being deceived, when he knows that his condition is pathological, and yet is helpless as a trapped animal—this narrative exceeds in completeness and incandescence of detail anything in the literature of love since Stendhal. Readers who seek an intellectual delight from an emotional situation will speak with enthusiasm of Proust. For them, at least, he will mean growth in literary experience.

It is hard to understand why Proust's great master, Stendhal, is so little read outside of France. We have had his books for nearly a century, and yet he has still no real place in the literature of the speakers of English. His French is lucid, his stories move through brilliant incidents instead of turning, like Proust's, round and round about a description, he has been accessible in English for at least a generation. In France, he has been a passion for which the word Stendhalism has been coined, in America he has devotees for whom he is a password, but his name is much better known than his books. It is clear to the initiate that many a critic, and many an "advanced" novelist stumbling along the road he cleared, and many an intellectual who chants of De Gourmont and calls Flaubert by his first name, has never read "Le Rouge et le Noir," never heard of "La Chartreuse de Parme."

And if Proust is an experience for the intellectuals, then Stendhal should be an even greater experience for those who read, not to become intellectuals, but because they have intellects. Perhaps the elements that made his genius have never before united in so strange a molecule. He wrote in the flat post-war years of the 'twenties and 'thirties, when the flaming greatness of the Napoleonic era had left Europe sere and dry. There was rest after war and renewing prosperity and the political efficiency of a Talleyrand and the business efficiency of the English. The last remnants of the orderly eighteenth century, with its hierarchies and its fixed ideas, were being mopped up neatly throughout Europe, America was growing hastily, the industrial age was under way. But greatness—magnificence, daring, scope, indifference to small ends, heroic expansion of the ego—these all seemed to be in the past. To Stendhal, it was an age of small men seeking small gains, and so his heroes flung themselves upon tawdry life, demanding great moments, and like his Fabrice, who never knew whether the confusion upon which he stumbled was Waterloo, were never certain and never satisfied. Barred from war and politics and revolution, they dared greatly in love while despising their daring.

Stendhal in this aspect is one of the greatest of the romantics, although he despised the cloudy idealism of contemporary romance; but if his heart was almost hysterically passionate, his head was cool and his psychology generations ahead of his time. It was

### Traveller's Curse

(FROM THE WELSH)  
By ROBERT GRAVES

MAY they wander, stage by stage,  
Of the same vain pilgrimage,  
Stumbling on, age after age,  
Night and day, mile after mile,  
At each and every step a stile;  
At each and every stile, withal,  
May they catch their feet and fall;  
At each and every fall they take  
May a bone within them break.  
And may the bones that break within  
Not be, for variation's sake,  
Now rib, now thigh, now arm, now shin,  
But always, without fail,

THE NECK!

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not until 1830, he prophesied, that his popularity would begin. Entirely without illusions except for a megalomania which with him was only a romance of the past, he despised his own age sufficiently to see his contemporaries without glamour or excitement. Before such scrutiny they were helpless. The haughty Mathilde yielded as completely to him as to Sorel, his hero. He made such analyses of human nature, ambitious, scorned, in love, as are to be found in no other fiction, perhaps within the limits of his sympathy (only essential aristocrats interested him) in no other literature. And all this fine (*fin* is his favorite word) analysis is lifted upon the strong emotion of a passionate soul seeking escape from meanness. Greater writers and weaker ones are often less successful than Stendhal. They cannot escape from the moral questions involved in order to seek only the success or failure of their heroes. For Stendhal, as for many in the eighteenth century, morality was self-development. His heroes sought magnitude of soul. They erred, not when they sinned, but only when they failed to be great.

The limited vogue of Proust would seem to indicate that American taste is ready to appreciate a richer and less specialized genius. For active and tolerant intellects, tired of the merely intellectual, we recommend a course in Stendhal. He is more modern, and less ephemeral, than what most of them are reading now.

### Young America Abroad

By FORD MADDOX FORD

THE fear was recently expressed in a discussion of the exodus of the young American writing class to Paris that the expatriated American lost touch with the United States and so was unable to write about his own country. That fear, I think, is ungrounded to-day, and I do not believe that it ever had any historical grounds. Franklin, for instance, certainly did not become un-American though he lived in Paris and though months separated him from his native land as against the six days of to-day. Lowell remained American enough; so did Hawthorne. And the standing instance of un-Americanization, Henry James, was either never American from the one point of view or remained till the end, from ours, the intensely American creature that he always was.

To a European, in fact, James was never a European, but he was a monument, an indication, of how charming and how extraordinarily great a man an American could be. It is trenching on grounds from which I as resolutely as possible exclude myself and touching on American affairs which are none of mine, but let us for a moment, in spite of the dangers, consider the cases of the great Americans in Europe in their bearings on the United States.

As far as we are concerned, the part played by Americans in more particularly English artistic movements has been enormous: indeed it has been all-important. For what would have been the literary history of England since the late eighties of last century without the figures of Harland, who founded the *Yellow Book*, of James, of Crane, of Hudson; or, more lately, of Mr. Pound, Mr. T. S. Eliot and H. D.? Or where would the artistic life of Eastern Europe have been without Whistler?

If the American objects to this, I can only join issue with him. Nations are not in this world to hang like rafts in the skies in an atmosphere of supreme unimportance to the rest of the inhabited globe. By hook or by crook a nation must find its artistic expression. And—I am now speaking of course only a little from experience but from the almost universal hearsay of such American men of genius or of talent as I have known—America has hitherto made so hard the lot of the American man of genius that for the genius of America itself—the very great genius of America itself—to find expression the American man of genius must live abroad. He is forced to live abroad because of the poorness of his pay; by the cheapness of European commodities; by the relatively intensely greater European frugality, common sense and absence of financial "swank"; and above all because in Europe, outside England, the arts are held in some honor.

England I will give away to any extent: artistic conditions are probably worse in London than they are in New York. Or perhaps they are not, because London is only seven hours distant from Paris. But upon the whole, both branches of Anglo-Saxondom are in this respect equally savage. That is probably why the Young American Writer of to-day no longer goes to London even for a trip. He leaves America because, in words spoken to me with extraordinary bitterness by an American writer resident in the State of Connecticut, the American artist in his own country feels himself all the time to be in an embattled minority in the midst of an embittered and hostile tribe of savages. (The artist does so feel.) And, going to England, the American writer finds himself in the midst of a not even embattled minority, hopeless, amidst the feet of completely indifferent oxen. The change of atmosphere is insufficient.



The only real difference is that whereas in America the journalist is one of the pillars of the State, in England he is something upon which you would prefer not to wipe your boots should anything else be handy. On the other hand, the journalist in America is so well paid that the Fourth Estate mops up perforce practically all the artists who do not go to Europe—and a good many of those who do; whilst the English journalist of the better type is so scandalously ill-paid and manhandled by the commercial sides of the newspapers that he neither adds to nor detracts from the settled gloom of the landscape.

So the Young American Writer goes to Paris to find deference, decency, dignity and a possibility of existence. And he finds them. Life is cheap. A man can live and be a poet on four dollars a week. A writer can live with wife and child and have a nurse and some comfort and leisure for his wife on a hundred. And no one—not the President of the French Republic, not the premier duchess of the legitimists, not any lawyer, stock broker, railway director or café waiter—no one in all French Paris or in all France will point the finger of scorn at him because his means are exiguous. For it is in France much better to have upon your passport the ascription *homme de lettres* or *poète* than there to avow yourself financier, banker, bond salesman, hotel keeper, real estate agent or anything else of a parasitic kind. You will find yourself receiving all sorts of little favors and smiles; all sorts of little smoothings of the sheets; all sorts of little hastenings of your steps, of little privileges, of little welcomes—for you will be a polite and civilized person, the ambassador of your country.

Your countrymen—and, heaven knows, mine—on the other side of the River Seine will tell a very different story.

But, at any rate in French France, the American writer finding himself hardly in a minority—for on the Boulevard Montparnasse and from there to Chartres you can hardly see the trees for the American artist of one branch or another—finding himself visibly in a majority amongst a population which honors him, taking his artistic merit on trust . . . the American writer knows ease, leisure, a cloud-cuckoo land whose sole trouble is the difficulty of getting his registered letters from the post office. So great strength is given to his pen.

And the idea that he loses touch with the United States is, as far as I can see, entertained only by persons who do not know in the first place what the life of Paris is and who in the second place have not sufficiently differentiated between the imaginative writer and the journalist. The journalist will write best about Chartres when he is in Chartres; the imaginative writer will not get his views of Chartres into perspective until he has left Chartres for many months. That is a profound truth. I have lived about half my life in the country; about half my life in towns. I have written a good deal about the country and a good deal about towns, but I have always written about towns when I have been in the country and always about the country when I have been in towns. A certain touch of nostalgia is an almost essential element for the imaginative writer; he will usually write better about the woman before the last with whom he has been in love than about the lady for whom at the moment his sonnets are ostensibly written. But perhaps one ought not to let out that secret.

As for getting out of touch with the United States. . . . Why New York is nearer Paris to-day than was Paris to London in the days of the very American Benjamin Franklin, and it takes less times to go from New York to Paris to-day than it does to go from New York to Seattle—or as near as makes no difference. Moreover, it costs less. No, as for getting out of touch with the United States, with the universal foam of American news-sheets that covers the boulevards . . . why, I assure you that I—who write here!—even before I lately went to New York, knew quite as much of what was going on in the Middle West of the United States as I did of what was happening in London. . . . Now I know less about the United States than I did, but I know nothing at all of what is happening in my own home town. They might have sacked the Tower and I should hardly have heard of it. . . . Still I am starting a novel of English life and character next week. . . . But . . . They get out of touch with American life, you say. . . . This afternoon the resident representative of a great American newspaper came in to interview me as to my impressions of New York.

I told him that I thought that the effects of the skyscraper were the most architecturally beautiful lights and shades I had ever seen; I told him that the American telephone system was the most wonderful thing in the world; I told him that in New York I had—and I had!—enjoyed the most wonderful and touching hospitality; I told him that the American Young Thing was the best educated, the brightest and loveliest and most amusing creature on God's earth; that soft-shelled crab was delightful beyond the imagination; I told him that the American literary movement of to-day was the most virile and vital department of art in the world. . . . When I had finished breathless with superlatives he looked at me meditatively and said:

Of course the trained interviewer ought to get rid of his preconceived notions before coming to see any one professionally. . . . But I must say I *should* have thought you would have been a little more enthusiastic over a visit to the United States. . . .

He, you see, had not got out of touch with his country. And they none of them do.

I suppose that the really serious cultural objection to the exodus of the best Young American brains to Europe is that for the time at least the United States loses the personal influence of those best brains and personalities. As to that there are only two things to say: Either the United States must make as self-conscious an effort to render America attractive to the Young Artist as it does to render America sober. Or it must resign itself to losing on the swings what it gains on the roundabouts. For the Young American artistic emigrant does give to the world on this side of the water an extremely attractive view of America and in that way does bring America into the broad stream of world culture. Whether or no that is a good thing for America it is not for me to say. It is, however, good for humanity and it is necessary if our civilization is to continue.

For if our civilization is to continue the Atlantic must become as much a lake from which shall emanate a centrifugal force of culture as in earlier centuries was the Mediterranean itself. That perhaps may not come in our time. But until America does see the necessity of showing to the world that America too stands for frugality, for non-material ideals, for human kindness, for thought and for the humaner letters—until then it shall not come, beat what world records you may. That again is obviously a matter for America to decide. At any rate, for the moment and over here, her ambassadors are doing a very noble work.

## A Romany Epic

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA. By IRVING BROWN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by KONRAD BERCOVICI  
Author of "Ilina"

A LITTLE over a year ago, while on my way to the coast of *Romany buci*, on gypsy business, it was my good fortune to read Mr. Brown's "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail." I laid the book down with a wish, which has since been fulfilled, of following Mr. Brown's trail in Spain. And it has been my still better fortune to meet at the Albaycin Caves, overlooking the Alhambra in Granada, many of the gypsies Mr. Brown described in that book.

"Gypsy Fires in America" is like a plum taken out of my mouth before I had had time to bite into it. It has been my dream to do the very same work Mr. Brown has done in his present book, and done much better than I had thought it could be done. America offers the greatest opportunity for a general and comprehensive study of the most misunderstood people on earth. Here we have gypsies that have come from every land. From the pustas of Hungary and the mountains of Rumania. From the depths of Syria and the plains and caves of Spain. Welsh gypsies, English gypsies, Italian gypsies, Russian gypsies. Customs and traditions which have been forgotten by one tribe are still alive in another one, with hidden qualities and shrieking vices, and a medley of beliefs and religions and superstitions. Slowly and surely the melting pot is at work amongst them. Slowly but surely civilization is divesting them of their uniqueness. The automobile, the enforcing of education, is marching over them, flattening them out like a steam roller, crushing them into resemblance to the hundred million other people in this country. Fifty years ago Leland cried out that the child was born who would see the last gypsy. His prophecy has not

come true. I wish mine to the same effect would also be denied by events.

Mr. Brown, himself like a *ciriclia*, like a bird, has travelled with gypsy camp after gypsy camp, from one place to another, living with them as one of them, accepted by them, because of his claims, as one of their blood, eating and drinking with them, and dancing at their weddings, taking part in all their joys and sorrows, and sitting at the *cris*, courts, when one of them has broken the Romany rule. Speaking *Romanes* as well as he does, in all a true spiritual son of Leland, it is comparatively easy for him to be as intimate with them as his book proves him to be.

"Gypsy Fires in America" is an epic. If Mr. Brown or anybody else can surpass it in warmth and passion and understanding, it would be a miracle.

Civilization may have scratched the crust of superstitious beliefs in most people. But the gypsy knows how deeply rooted those beliefs are, even in the most cultured one. It is a fact that the gypsy woman in America earns more by *dukking* than her husband can ever expect to earn selling horses or automobiles. And old Mrs. Herne was right when she said:

Foolish *Gajo* girls keeps comin' to me, and I helps 'em to keep clear of every sort o' scrape you ever fancied. The *dukkin'* I gives 'em is just the sort of advice their mothers'd give, but they takes it from me—'cause they has to pay for it.

And there is great wisdom in Mrs. Stanley's remark that she would rather *dukker* educated persons than illiterate ones.

They ain't so sharp. An ign'rant person only takes one *meanin'* to a word—but they takes four or five.

The book carries you along on a never ending trail from city to city and camp to camp, from the Hungarian gypsy orchestra on the East Side of New York through the Middle West and Chicago, wherever there is space enough to pitch a tent and hinge a kettle from a triangle over fire. In mountains. On plains. In dense forest. Through petty thievery and sublime passion, through deep sorrow and great joy, through hunger and affluence, monkeyish imitations of the people they have lived with, and secret sacrifices to gods that no longer live, stirred to life from their embers by a sudden all-invading ancestral voice.

Another few years of independent work among the gypsies, when Mr. Brown will learn that words like *haide*, *numai*, *busedegan*, *diwano*, *birto*, *lubnitan* and others of the same origin are not gypsy words, and his work as a gypsy scholar will rank him with the greatest. For he has all in his favor, sympathy, love, confidence; *ava adova ci*, yes, that's it. He is not afraid of the *drum* and he is a true *lubni*, a *prala* who loves the *jib* and the *luri*, and not a *jukel* who is bent on betraying them.

There are pages in "Gypsy Fires in America" that have seldom been equalled in beauty. I am speaking especially of the description of the sacrifice of a horse in "The Iliad of Elena Mike"; and other pages in the chapter called "Gypsy Cunning." The chapter, "When Gypsy Fiddles Cry," in which he speaks of a young Laios, with whom he tried to make a living singing and playing in the Italian Quarters of New York, pulses with life. The description of Zambory's bar, which I have known, is true and lifelike. And I too have passed away an agreeable hour with the Gabor family of musicians, and listened to the wild tunes evoked from the cymbalon placed between the two windows facing the street. And if Gabor had asked me whether I was willing to marry Panna . . . She was *mashava*. But she played better than she knew and I took it for much better than it really was. *Sarashan*.

A writer to the London *Times*, recounting his musings in the British Museum Reading Room and commenting in the presence there of the names of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke and Byron adds:

"After Gibbon comes Wordsworth: excellent. Scott, too, is here; Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning. Then the clock, then Chaucer: the circle ends with Browning; and Byron, it appears, is in the last quarter of its circumference. No sign of Shelley, or Keats. Byron has beaten them. . . . The novelists of the nation are represented by Scott only: Fielding and the rest have no place. . . . Addison now—a pure writer of English, it is true—but is he quite up to the standard when such giants as those just mentioned are excluded? There he is with Pope and Swift to keep him company, and Gibbon a little further on; but the great lexicographer is absent. Surely Sam Johnson ought to have been squeezed in?"



## Old Virginia

BALISAND. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50 net.

Reviewed by ELLEN GLASGOW  
Author of "Virginia"

IN this frugal literary era, when "economy of material" is preached as sedulously as if economy were a virtue and not a necessity, it is encouraging to find a novelist who is not afraid of the great tradition. Whatever attributes of fashion Mr. Hergesheimer may possess, thinness of texture and brevity of style are not among them. His resources are apparently inexhaustible; and since he is gifted with discrimination, he adroitly weaves his abundance into a pattern of subdued richness and variety. Notwithstanding his fondness for ornamental detail, he is one of the few American novelists whose interpretations of life have depth as well as surface, though the depth is of intuition rather than intellect. With morality he is as little concerned as with decorum. Happily for him and for us he is untroubled by convictions; and except in "Cytherea" (where he is more of Puck and less of Ariel) "an ayrie spirit" inhabits the body of the Presbyterian Child.

In "Balisand," Mr. Hergesheimer has again written the "novel of manner" as distinguished from the novel of manners. The place is picturesque Gloucester County in Virginia; the time is the age of Washington and Jefferson, an age of clipped box and wild roses. True to his temperament, Mr. Hergesheimer has selected a period when people who could afford it still wore what is known among historical novelists as costume; and the advantage of costume over clothes, any one who has ever worn costume, if only for a single evening, is obliged to acknowledge.

One is obliged to acknowledge, also, that, though Balisand reproduces a period, the value of the narrative depends less upon decoration than it does upon a precise analysis of human motive. In this book Mr. Hergesheimer uses historic occasion as a setting for a drama of the inner realities. Against a vivid tapestry of events he has projected a crowd of robust figures, in the midst of the turbulent politics of the time; yet one never forgets that the closely woven scene was created not as an end in itself, but as a background for the subjective processes of Richard Bale of Balisand. There are passages, doubtless, where the tumultuous politics seem to threaten the vitality of the characters; but this, as every one who has witnessed an election in Virginia must admit, is the usual procedure of politics. The clash of ideas and temperaments is admirably portrayed. On one side we find a privileged minority of Federalists, and on the other side Jefferson, the idol of the people, defying the minority, as idols of the people always have done and always will continue to do. We watch the established aristocratic order in its slow retreat before the breathless rush of democracy; and we hear the harsh, intemperate voices of the old privilege and the new freedom. A moment in history is brought to life again by the magic of words.

From this struggle and against this background the figures of the book emerge, dissolve, and emerge again more clearly. Now and then, Mr. Hergesheimer may have generalized too widely from a particular instance; here and there, he may have magnified a casual episode into a custom. He has shifted his lights and shadows at his discretion, intensifying or subduing the values of his perspective; but this subtle treatment of illusion is permissible in an artist whose aim it is to create character, not to copy a scene. Though the author's sympathy inclines toward the pictorial rather than the practical, the sum of his argument for the Bales of Balisand is not entirely convincing. The breed would have been improved by a dash of that "humility amounting almost to self-forgetfulness," which the "old gentleman of Maryland" found so impressive in the "Virginia gentlemen he met at the Springs."

But the imperishable legend which embalms, like a preserving fluid, the sacred mummy of the old Virginia gentleman, is honored chiefly by its absence in Mr. Hergesheimer's Gloucester. One imagines that the old Virginia gentleman must have been drunk indeed before he stooped to such sports in the servants' quarters as the author describes; and that he must have imbibed again when he dismissed so lightly the rigid obligations due from a guest to a hostess. It is not easy to believe that any race of men could have drunk so deeply and so frequently

as Mr. Hergesheimer's Virginians, and still have survived long enough to perpetrate the effrontery of the eighteenth amendment. However, these are but questions of punctilio, and trivial flaws beside the vigorous humanity of the book. More significant is the fact that Mr. Hergesheimer has escaped (permanently, I hope) from the snare of melodrama and the delusion of plot. The theme in "Balisand" is the eternal struggle of character with destiny, a struggle which is for ever lost or won, and for ever renewed.

Richard Bale of Balisand is intended to be representative of his age, I imagine, rather than of a country or a particular locality. Completely projected as he is, he has at times, notwithstanding his chivalrous theories, something of the three dimensional reality which is characteristic of the bellicose males of Fielding. A creature of hardy contradictions, quarrelsome, courageous, less of a jolly blade and more of a gloomy braggart, he pursues, with single-hearted energy, the career of an immoderate egoist. Yet, in spite of his unamiable manners, he cherishes a secret strain of poetic passion which Mr. Hergesheimer has succeeded in making as plausible as a conviction.

There are, indeed, few things in modern literature more exquisite than the grace with which the shimmering memory of Lavinia winds itself through the whole of Richard Bale's life. Here the psychology is superb and sustained, unweakened by sentimentality and undisfigured by science. I can recall no novel in which the haunting spell of the past or the occurrence of ecstatic vision, has been transfused so perfectly into the very substance of art. In these seizures of memory, which, like Dostoevsky's hallucinations, were preceded by a flash of light, a



LAIGYO HOSHI

Viewing Mount Fuji and writing a poem. From a nosatsu of 1860. From "Fujiyama," by Frederick Starr (Covici-McGee)

warning ecstasy too poignant to endure but an instant, Richard Bale surrenders to the illusion of a lost and for ever unattainable happiness.

While the inner life of the man is convincing, there are moments when one questions not the reality perhaps, but the verisimilitude of external events. It seems improbable that Richard Bale should have been so luckless in politics and so successful in love, for his creator has endowed him with many of the failings of the politician and few of the traditional graces of the lover. Yet, in an age when men, like wild game, were still plentiful in Virginia, every woman of importance in the story, mother or daughter, bound or free, loses her heart to him; and this in spite of discouragement which appears to have been, in most cases, insurmountable.

But few men sigh in vain in Mr. Hergesheimer's ardent pages. His women are as ornamental as fruit, and like fruit that is a little over-ripe, they drop before they are plucked. Too often, indeed, they are scarcely more than half animate until they are blown upon by the roving wind of some man's desire. It is true that "Linda Condon" is devoid of this oppressive emotionalism; but in denying her exotic passion, her creator has denied her as well

all other human activities or approaches to experience, until, in the end, she becomes as dry and as inadequate in flavor as a painted apricot. Even when, as in "Balisand," we are introduced to a formal society, where women were confirmed in reticence and were taught from their cradles up that she who hesitates is loved, these blooming creatures are incapable of either coyness or coldness. Lucia Matthews is brilliantly drawn. Every Virginian will recognize her as a familiar part of the social structure; yet she also, beneath her hard, smooth surface, is too tropical at the core for the temperate climate in which she has ripened; and accustomed to Mr. Hergesheimer's more dilatory masculine protagonists, we read, without surprise, that Richard Bale, who was damaged beyond repair and nearly twenty years too old, was at last, "swept into the deep reality of Lucia's passionate feeling." In this basket of nectarines how refreshingly piquant would be the tartness of an occasional apple.

But when the last word is said, one returns to the essential charm of the narrative. The years have perfected Mr. Hergesheimer's art while they have disciplined his exuberant imagination. Always interesting, always sincere in his treatment of life, he has written nothing more impressive than this realistic novel of the romantic past in Virginia. "Balisand" is a rich, a rare, a beautiful book.

## Unrelieved Idealism

SUBSOIL. By GEORGE F. HUMMEL. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2

CENTERVILLE, U. S. A. By CHARLES MERZ. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by NEIL MARTIN

HOWEVER you may have regarded them—whether with compassion, with revulsion, or perhaps with mingled amusement and half-hearted recognition—the creatures of Spoon River and Winesburg cannot have failed to impress you. When least you want to remember them they are likely to present themselves, symbolizing, perhaps, some wandering thought, some vaguely realized motive of your own.

And now comes a new group of unmerry villagers to keep them company. They are the residents, dead and half-alive, of Norwald, chronicled in Mr. Hummel's "Subsoil." Give them a wide berth if you would seek more agreeable acquaintance. For once met they are pretty sure to become part of your consciousness. Mr. Hummel has seen to that.

Norwald, it is hinted now and again, lies somewhere in the backwash of Connecticut. Its folk, however, are not the austere New Englanders of Alice Brown or the honest and more or less articulate country folk of Dorothy Canfield. They are even farther removed from the quaint and for the most part quite untrue Yankee of our traditional literature. They are more of a piece with Sherwood Anderson's Ohioans, with Ruth Suchow's and Margaret Wilson's Middle Westerners. They are, in fact, the American peasantry wherever it is found still close to the soil, undisturbed by industry and unaware of any very vast social differences.

Lonely, inarticulate, half-mad people inhabit most of Mr. Hummel's pages, and presumably all of Norwald. We meet old Anzy Ward, too stingy to buy coal and really warm for the first time in her life when she is burned alive in her cottage; Jim Fox, the drunken blacksmith with a touch of real inventive genius, hampered by a Virginia creeper wife too fine for him in every respect and yet not fine enough to see and encourage his real gifts; French Charley, to all appearances more placid than any native of Norwald but whose excesses on his annual winter migrations to the South are uncontrolled beyond the imagination of his Northern neighbors and yet so pitifully futile. A prosperous farmer or two, a spinster with a Revolutionary grandfather, the inevitable "grandma," bent on errands of mercy and devoted to "sweetness and light"—these are Norwald's nearest approach to any recognizable norm. And each of these has his hideous perversions and cruelties and consuming inhibitions.

It is inconceivable, of course, that any community exists in America like Norwald. We get no rounded picture of life there but only the morbid, pathological "cases." There is a revolt even among people not hopelessly engulfed in "pleasant" reading against this kind of unrelieved realism. And if



"Subsoil" fails of an enthusiastic public it will be perhaps because its author has not heeded the signs.

Mr. Hummel has employed the narrative, objective method in presenting his characters. He shows us what they are thinking and feeling by what they do. He is not concerned with subconscious processes, like Anderson. He never philosophizes for himself at the expense of his characters, like Dreiser. They are set out boldly for you without too much analysis of motion. The result is a series of photographs—photographs, too, of ugly things and dark places. But Mr. Hummel has mercifully used the flashlight instead of the time exposure.

Mr. Merz's stories are the kind of diluted realism that used to be considered very daring and very revolutionary by the readers of *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Century* when the type first began to appear in their pages back in 1907. They were called—one shudders to hear the cliché—"cross-sections of life." They "date" that way. They are neither one thing nor the other. They are not very absorbing yarns of the sort that need be concerned with actuality only to the extent of seeming reasonably plausible at the time of reading. Nor are they serious interpretations or transcripts of life in one or the other of the motive-seeking methods of present-day naturalists and realists.

They are, it is true, mildly interesting stories, told with agreeable skill and with a sympathy not too sentimental for the homely characters portrayed. But they record only the surface gesture, never seeking to lead back by any deductive process to the source of that gesture.

## Authentic Short Stories

STORIES FROM THE *DIAL*. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY COX

THE name of this volume prepared me more or less for displays of youthful impudence and a not very discriminate hankering for novelty. I was agreeably surprised. I found instead rare authenticity and unusual dignity.

Perhaps my fairly uniform impression of genuineness and maturity amounts to but faint praise for the individual authors. I suppose a more dynamic and inclusive way of taking life on the part of any one of them would interfere with speaking of the volume as a whole. But, at any rate, the eminence of that serenity and that sincerity in the volume as a whole marks a distinguished achievement in publishing. And I rather think the appearance of a book of short stories by many writers that leaves one feeling "This is just like life; there is no pretending here; these people have cut their eye teeth and they aren't fooled" is a sign of new attainment in the art of the short story.

Certainly it delighted me to read a collection of short stories in which none were mere stunning exhibitions of invention, none were ingenious at the cost of ingenuousness, none were self-consciously intellectual, none save "Hungarian Night" were boastfully disillusioned or showily emancipated; and yet none were cut by a die, none were gluey, none were gaudy and none were made to the measure of a feeble mind. As is rarely quite the case with short stories, I trusted the authors to extend my own experience at the very moment when they were lifting me out of the preoccupation of my personal life.

It would be absurd to insinuate that the book is unified in style. And it might not be generous to leave it to be inferred that on the whole divergencies are not particularly impressive, even between the styles of stories written in English and translations. But an estimable and not too familiar trait of style may fairly be attributed to nearly all: the stories are written mainly in the English of living, the language of human association, not the English of public addresses, text-books or printing presses; the authors know and use with but rare lapses the words and turns of speech that gain their sanction from necessary and impassioned living. Such indigenous and idiomatic style validates the genuineness and maturity of the stories.

But I do not want to allow the supposition of excessive uniformity. The range of types from a brief concentrated sketch to a moderately long story of love and adventure, the cosmopolitan authorship and the variety of settings make "Stories From the *Dial*" remarkable in their diversity as well as in

their possession of common excellence. And for that matter there are conspicuous differences in excellence. One or two of them I dislike. They do not, for me, justify their existence; and I suspect the writers of them might demand "Why should they?"

A few of the stories seem to me to be superlative in a distinguished collection. "Tristan," by Thomas Mann, a German, is a satisfying, sympathetic presentation of two men of fundamentally antipathetic types differently in love with one woman differently in love with both. It is very just to the complexity of such conflicts and, at the same time, gratifyingly superior to the easy resolution of mawkish despair.

Conrad Aiken's "The Dark City" is a heartening revelation of how intelligent people may gain a humorous serenity by confronting apparent futility with courage. It seems to me to give concreteness to the religion of uncertainty, the faith that acknowledges horror and can never be mastered by it.

And Sherwood Anderson's "I'm a Fool" is, to my way of thinking, one of the most convincing assertions in recent literature of the reality and supremacy of the unattainable. The story is, in an unused sense, 100 per cent American. The boy in it is completely real and so is every word he says. Upon second reading after a long interval, I would not exchange this story for anything of Edgar Allan Poe's. Little as I see to like in some things by Anderson, this story alone would show me that the art of the short story in America is not on the decline.

But these three stories will not, of course, be the pick of all readers. Many, though, will share my enjoyment in the handsomely covered, attractively printed light volume, with its happily hit upon appendix comprising concise introductions to the writers and their works. For there is reassurance that outstays the hour in entertainment that involves the maturity of varied and clearly seen experience, and that is daring and faithful enough to seem fully genuine.

## A Racial Inquiry

YOU GENTILES. By MAURICE SAMUEL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by GARRY BALDWIN

MAN is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." So wrote Jean Jacques Rousseau. We all dream of freedom, of a perfect world, of that Utopia where, retaining our identity, we may live in harmony with our neighbor. But dreams grow futile and evolution is slow; too slow for some of us. And so it becomes the fashion for those impatient souls who would hasten Utopia to examine more closely their bonds and to seek some one to blame for their slavery. Some one must be guilty, must be shown the error of his ways, must be taught the proper approach to Utopia. Some one turns out to be some race, some nation or some creed.

Hilaire Belloc, he of the Messiah urge, has just followed his very bad thesis on the Jew with "The Contrast," an analysis of the differences between the Old World and the New. He fears that we are growing alien to Europe, that there is danger of conflict in the differences of our culture. And as it is with Maurice Samuel who, with no end of sincerity, a fair portion of truth and surprising little bitterness, analyzes those characteristics which separate his Jew from the rest of humanity. "You Gentiles" is an exposition of the "primal cleavage," the unbridgeable gulf that lies between us. It is Mr. Samuel's belief that there can be no assimilation, no absorption of the one by the other. It is the purpose of his book to show why we cannot become one in "life force." To assume that his thesis is correct is to assume that there is a definite desire for this absorption. Is there not room enough for both of us and more? In Utopia must all men be cast to a mold, one in virtue and tradition, one in creed and purpose? Enough of this making man to a pattern! Away with the Klan and all those groups who would create one standard for all! Utopia calls for the freedom of man, for freedom of the individual.

Despite Mr. Samuel's profession of atheism, the book has, as an undertone, a very definite plea for the recognition of the God of the Jews; a plea that does not accord with his argument that the religious differences are insignificant, that they are

indicative only of the actual differences in the "life force" of the two races. "The most amazing thing in your life, the most in contrast with ours is sport . . ." Not in the athletic sense does he berate us; rather does he feel that we have idealized sportsmanship and youth. Mr. Samuel's Jew is serious, life for him is not "a game and a gallant adventure"; it is "a serious and sober duty." This Jew of his has no youth, no *joie de vivre* and little humor. Our code bewilders: he can't for the life of him understand "a man who, attacking another, insists that the other, in self-defense, shall strike only above the belt." It is his conviction that we are sentimental, romantic; our code is indefinite, the distinction between right and wrong is too elastic. To Mr. Samuel's Jew there is only one standard of right and wrong: the standard forever immutably fixed by the Prophets of his fathers. To his way of thinking, Robin Hood and Claude Duval were in all probability common ruffians, criminals.

"This is the essence of our difference: that we are serious, you are not." This lack of serious intent, this youthfulness of ours, he sees reflected in our religion, our politics and even in our wars. We conceived in the beginning many gods; we are therefore polytheists. The gods of the mythology of Greece are foreign to the Jew—he wants but the one Jehovah.

"It is the nature of the gentile to fight for his honor, in the nature of the Jew to suffer for his." Yet in the Old Testament are records of the warring Jew, plundering and conquering for the glory of the God of his race. The Jew has suffered since the fighting has become futile; by necessity he suffers, and for his God he finds glory in his pain. That we have been cruel there can be little question. The persecutions of the past and present can be condoned by no "sporting" gentile. Our hands are red with Jewish blood. And yet I would believe that this discrimination is a passing thing, that there is a new tolerance being born, a new notion of the rights of the individual to a happy existence. But Mr. Samuel has little faith in us, and for this we cannot blame him.

The Jew contributes much to our life. He has become a power in the modernizing of our civilization. Most of us will agree with the author that "in moral effect we (the Jews) have exceeded any living race and have produced an overwhelming number of revolutionaries and socialists and iconoclasts of the true prophetic type." Is it too much to assume that soon, perhaps, the modernized Jew and the modernized gentile may at last find a common ground?

The author confesses that he cannot prove his statements. The book is offered only as an opinion based on personal observation and contact. The Jew will disagree as readily as will the gentile with many of Mr. Samuel's premises. The work may be unimportant, but it is at least an honest plea, a brave analysis of an ever interesting theme. It is usually well written. It has more of pathos in its pages than of bitterness. His greatest bitterness, the epitome of his indictment against gentile America, is found in his conclusion that "today, with race triumphant over ideal, anti-Semitism uncovers its fangs, and to the heartless refusal of the most elementary human right, the right of asylum, is added cowardly insult. We are not only excluded, but we are told, in the unmistakable language of the immigration laws, that we are an inferior people." Even Mr. Samuel must agree that we have, in the same laws, branded with equal violence half the gentiles of the world.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY . . . . . Editor

WILLIAM ROSE BENET . . . . . Associate Editor

AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . Associate Editor

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY . . . . . Contributing Editor

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## Calliope

And thou thyself, Calliope.—Sappho.

By H. D.

TO CLIMB the intricate heights  
of unimpeded rapture,  
is no slight  
task, O my love;  
yet rapture, the very loveliest,  
changes,  
inbreeds  
blackest despair  
succeeds pure fire,  
if you neglect  
(as you neglect)  
others;  
come back;  
spirit must not tempt flesh—

Nor dark flesh spirit,  
nay, I am gone,  
gone out, out, out from this;  
what holds me?  
fervid, torturing, your kiss?  
is love enough?  
the intolerable host  
and throng of mortals spoil  
at last,  
even the most abiding, intimate  
bliss;  
intolerable stain,  
hate of the listless  
unadoring host,  
nay, I am out and lost.

O spirit, white,  
and versed in mystic lore,  
beware,  
too soon, too soon  
you think yourself exempt  
from all our lower thought,  
our lesser magic,  
love's exquisite revel;  
grow not too soon, too bold,  
return,  
O sweet, bright Lydian,  
loveliest,  
O lily-cold.

Nay,  
cheat me not with time,  
with the dull ache of flesh,  
for all flesh turns,  
even the loveliest  
ankle and frail thigh,  
to bitterest dust,  
I would be off;  
I long for the white throng,  
the host of the immortals;  
nay,  
fondle me not,  
I must  
break from your trammels—

Your wings,  
O sweet, O sweet,  
are not yet grown,  
what were you  
mid the great, eternal host?  
a beggar lost;  
what were you  
without shield of valorous flesh?  
mine, mine;  
my song it is that aches  
to set you free;  
my verse would break  
the fleshly portal down;  
I, I it is  
that tends and spares your light,  
lamp sheltering—

Nay, I am gone,  
what is your flesh to me?  
what is your chant, your song?  
mid the immortals  
all as stars swing free  
and need no lamp of silver work or bronze;  
I would escape;  
in the high portals  
of imperial Zeus,  
no veils of baser flesh  
chafe at us grievously;  
see—  
I am gone.

The  
BOWLING GREEN

## Busses and Trams

I'VE been cleaning out my pockets, and have thrown away a large collection of the little colored slips they give you on the busses and trams. The first week I was in Paris I was too timid to go anywhere except in taxis. After that I was more timid still. I understand perfectly how the Marne was won by Paris taxicabs: they have more *élan* than any other vehicles in the world. This last fortnight I've travelled widely in the busses and trolleys, and after a good deal of bashful experiment I've learned their great secret. It happened that every day for two weeks I had to go out to the leafy suburb of Neuilly, where men sit along the river fishing for sardines. The French passion for angling for very small fish is necessitated, I dare say, by the constant demand for *hors d'œuvres*. Every morning I took the same bus at the same corner; to be sure of doing nothing wrong I always sat in the same seat and got off at the same place. Yet, always asking the conductor how much I should pay, the fare varied daily. Sometimes as low as 60 centimes, sometimes it ran up to 90, and oscillated among all the sous between. It was as exciting as following the variations of the franc. Then I learned the etiquette. The conductor takes whatever sum you give him, and is content. I struck an average between high and low for the ride from the Pantheon to Champéret. Seventy-five centimes, I concluded, was par. Now I give that amount to the conductor and he seems perfectly happy.

In the trams the same method works. But the problem is even more complicated there, because there are more compartments in which you can ride, and they give you a large assortment of colored slips. If you want to stand in the middle of the car, where you can smoke, you must be specially careful. When the place gets crowded, and (trying to be polite) you shove over a bit to give some one more room, you may be pursued by the conductor, who will ask you for another sou and hand you a little ticket—"Supplement for a Voyager who has Transferred Himself from Second Class to First." One day I incautiously allowed myself to get manoeuvred onto the front platform, near the motor-man. It was delightful, I smoked and enjoyed the ride; but meanwhile the car had filled up behind me. I saw my destination approaching and began to work my way back toward the only exit, at the rear. But to do so I had to pass through various sections, and in each one some one took away a sou for transferring myself from one class to another.

I must not forget that Dr. Canby wants these letters to have something to do with literature; though I find it harder and harder to know where literature ends and life begins. There was a very interesting remark in an article on Conrad in the *Journal des Débats* the other day; an article by Joseph Aynard, one of the most penetrating comments on Conrad's work that I have seen. "The more a writer has lived," said M. Aynard, "the more his experience has been enriched, provided only that he has not written too much. For experience itself may be deformed by the desire to write about it." But to keep in touch with *belles lettres* I will say that on tram 35 I saw a man reading Frederick Niven's "Justice of the Peace." I was eager to speak to him and tell him I am a faithful adherent of that fine novel; but I reflected that I had no right to alarm him with my private and irrelevant excitements. I followed him half way round the Madeleine, as a kind of tribute, trying to make up my mind as to his nationality. He looked like a Frenchman who had had a Scotch grandmother; he had a little ribbon decoration in his lapel.

Riding in busses and trams does at any rate give one a great deal of the raw material of literature. Literature I once tried to define for myself as an attempt to make life stand still long enough to be looked at. But life must be looked at without its knowing it is being looked at; and the only way to make it seem to stand still is to travel at exactly the same pace it is travelling. I believe that in the trams, where I have seen women suckling babies

and young girls promptly giving up their seats to *mutilés de la guerre*, one may pass a little more truly into the bloodstream of Paris than by sitting on a cane chair, with an *apéritif* and a blue syphon, dreaming at the pavement. Besides, those silvered globes that hold the napkins are too hypnotic, they put you into a trance. There is a jovial story—perhaps it hasn't been written yet—of an American who pursued a rum omelette round the restaurants of Paris. He had somehow heard of this noble dish and had imagined it as the final blaze and brightness in the realm of food: a confection of whipped phoenix-eggs bathed in blue flame. But perhaps because his accent was gross, perhaps because he only knew of the thing as "burning eggs," he never could get it. When he asked for it his waiter would call the head-waiter, the head-waiter would call the patron, and they would confer in perplexity with the woman in the *caisse*. Eventually they would bring him a ham sandwich. But one night, at a restaurant by the Chatelet, the garçon understood him. The burning omelette was brought, and he singed his moustache in his haste. But instead of the light and tingling texture he had imagined, a dish combining heat and sweetness and savory nourishment, the expiring flame yawned over a sort of eau-de-cologne syrup, and the yellow mass underneath was cool and fleshy. The only part of the omelette that was really valuable was the allegory; which he afterward pondered as he used to sit at supper in the little Place de la Sorbonne.

Riding in busses and trams is a part of that immensely valuable process of learning the mechanics of a civilization. The great people of the earth don't have to worry about these things, their credit is good anywhere, taxis and couriers and house-keepers are always waiting. But the little people have to study the details. How to get a good meal *à prix fixe*, how to move promptly and cheaply from one point to another, how to mail a *pneumatique*, how to get two seats next the windows in a second-class compartment, how to get a check cashed, how to take a bath in a small hotel where there's only one bathroom (and if you slip into the bath without warning any one the pretty chambermaid comes pounding on the door with unintelligible and most irregular verbs)—these exhilarating minutæ are a lively part of the huge comedy. Riding on the back platform of a bus you have gorgeous opportunity for study. You see, in the names of streets and shops, how deeply a sense of fancy—a literary sense, if you like—is ingrained in French character. Think of a tiny toy-store called *Aux Délices de l'Age d'Or*; or of the Street of the Frankly Bourgeois, or the Street of the Bad Boys. You see those quaint reverses and reciprocations by which one civilization doffs its hat to another: what we call (on Amsterdam Avenue) a French laundry is here, always, an American laundry; and goldenrod is sold on the streets as a rare and precious bloom. One thing, however, no one can learn: why do they mark the doors of bookshops *Entrée Libre*? Are there any bookstores that charge admission?

Even if there were, I fear I should be among the patrons. My dream of adventure would be to go into the shop of the Presses Universitaires, on the Boule' Mich', with an empty suitcase and a bundle of the crisp blue and yellow hundred-franc notes; to fill the bag with new, ink-smelling paper-bound books; hop a taxi for (say) the Gare de Lyon, and in a first-class padded compartment (so like a padded cell) ride all day toward Marseilles or Geneva, reading and wondering. One of the first books I should choose would be one they have in the window—"Esquisse d'Une Philosophie de la Dignité Humaine," written by a Belgian professor. A day so spent would produce madness, but it would be a noble end. But the publishers have added a new terror to death. Nowadays, after an author dies, they hire some one to carry on his characters through new books. They have done that with Pollyanna.

It is chiefly in the emergencies of life that you discover what literature is really most helpful. Suppose you are reading to some one in a hospital, would you choose "Ulysses"? I doubt it. I want to pay a word of tribute, years overdue, to a great master of fiction who has never been touted by the Intellectuals; who is certainly as great a magician of pure plot as O. Henry, and whose humor is less marred by temporary and local allusion. Other writers, no greater, have been reissued in *de luxe* editions with resounding prefaces. When will some publisher do what should be done for Mr. W. W. Jacobs? I am interested to see they are beginning to translate him into French.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



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## Books of Special Interest

### On India

INDIA: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. By the Earl of RONALDSHAY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. \$5.

INDIAN PROBLEMS IN RELIGION, EDUCATION AND POLITICS. By the Rt. Rev. HENRY WHITEHEAD, Bishop of Madras. London: Constable & Co. 1924. 12 shillings net.

Reviewed by W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

IF BOSTON was once described as "a state of mind," then what is India? In these two books we continually find Indian ways of thought warring amongst themselves, or against the new political and social ideology adopted by her *intelligentsia* from the West.

This statement was in danger of becoming a cliché until it received validity at the hands of Mr. Gandhi. But his bloodless victory with the understanding but inarticulate masses ended in a bloody defeat with the same *intelligentsia* who exploited him and flung him aside. Until it learned the drastic ways of the West, the East was unmindful of the inconsistencies of its prophets, for in India a man may logically be right when he is wrong. But the Swaraj party of today knows not Mr. Gandhi, and treated the veteran Mrs. Annie Besant to contumely.

Although he was Governor of Bengal during my stay in his troubled province in 1922, Lord Ronaldshay's "bird's-eye view" is not Olympian: he was an enthusiastic traveller in India long before he reached his official peak. His impressions have thus been fortified by administrative experience. He prepares the great background for his reader's introduction to the kaleidoscopic modern scene. Like Bishop Whitehead, he knows that Karma will continue to defeat its believers, that precious survivals like the ancient *panchayat* or village council, together with the agricultural economy that is the real India, will play a greater part than ever after the present tumult and shouting dies.

Chapters like that on industrialism tell us that "the worker in the factory and the mill is still a villager at heart." Railways and public works must wait upon the sowing and harvesting for labor. "The demand for factory labor is always in excess of the supply" in a country with 320 millions of people. Nor is the threatening industrialism wholly British. The vast mills of Bombay, the only iron-works in India are owned by Indians. Hence the psychology of escape, which has always obsessed the Indian mind, is treated in Lord Ronaldshay's chapter, "The Lure of the Primitive." Preaching this gospel, however futile under the laws of Karma, Mr. Gandhi reached his zenith because he was understood by the masses, and he suffered his eclipse at the hands of the *intelligentsia* whose vision is that of another Japan ruthlessly founded upon industrialism.

It was in Bengal the British won their footing, and it was here, forty years ago, Bishop Whitehead began his educational work. His frank analysis of missionary enterprise should be read with the Bengal Governor's equally frank chapters on "Pessimism and Its Causes," for both are concerned with the dark, fatalism engendered by Karma which persistently dogs the footsteps of India through history and those of her helpers. I doubt if they are willing to admit that the doctrine has nullified the impacts of the West upon the amorphous fabric of Hinduism at its center. Yet both are conscious, in their respective spheres, of the Tory opinion summed up by T. F. Bignold, a contemporary of Kipling, who cynically surveyed Bengal:

*Our Church, as at present it stands,  
Has no congregation nor steeple;  
Its lands are all low-lying lands,  
And its people are low-lying people.*

But neither writer shares this sentiment current today in certain quarters. They are both concerned with the future of India. They both echo the sentiment of Max Müller, that "India lies between an immense past and an immense future," and they are vitally interested in those elements in her genius which are now in flux, because they know that they were never anything more than accretions through the centuries. And the greatest of these is caste, a curse that has flourished in the fatalism of the doctrine of Karma.

Bishop Whitehead's book is particularly stimulating because he is one of the few educators in India who has recovered from the amazing spectacle witnessed during the past decade. As if seized by an epidemic the thousands of pariahs or outcasts, denied the rites and privileges of Hinduism for centuries, degraded by social and economic inhibitions, have suddenly expressed a desire for conversion to Christianity and the benefits of education.

The first thought of the cynic is that of the familiar jibe—"Rice Christians." But only those who have lived in India, and have seen the ferment since the war, will understand why the worm at last is turning. This phenomenon of entire villages demanding missionary help is aptly called "a mass movement." They ask for Christianity because they have long known the fierce discrimination of the Hinduism to which they are heirs. The precincts of temples have been denied them, while social, living and working conditions are arbitrarily arranged by the Brahmins whom they could defile at a given distance. Even when they become Christians they suffer persecution.

Bishop Whitehead boldly faces the problem. No denomination can solve it single-handed. He therefore makes the revolutionary but practical suggestion that instead of Christian missionary enterprise in India spending millions of money and trained educational skill upon the entrenched Hindu and Moslem communities, where the rewards have been woefully inadequate, attention should be paid to the outcaste tribes who are now seeking in their thousands for an improvement in their condition. One of the results of the war has been the idea of union and coöperative effort in the mission field. More than one denomination joins in erecting colleges, schools and hospitals. There is no more the waste of money and plant by reduplication in certain areas. Above all, the newest policy is to employ Indian workers in the field, for the simple reason that they are less expensive and more able to reach their own people. Bishop Whitehead may proudly point to the appointment of an Indian as Bishop of Dornakal by his own church. This book should be read by all those who are responsible for the great missionary enterprise of America in India.

### Erratum

By a regrettable oversight the review of "Robert Smith Surtees," by Himself and E. D. Cuming, which appeared in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for September 6, was attributed to the English publishers instead of to Charles Scribner's Sons, who issue it in America.

The "Letters to Three Friends," by W. Hale White, contains many literary judgments of great interest to bookish readers. In regard to Dickens, Mr. White says:

"I have been reading Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' with such fervor that my admiration for Dickens grew almost to worship, and if there is one thing more prominent than another in that little book—as genuine a piece of inspiration as ever poured forth from the Fountain of all inspiration—it is the utter simplicity of the characters and circumstances which, nevertheless, are as good as those of 'Paradise Lost.'"



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### New Fiction

### Julie Cane

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Author of some of the most successful modern American plays and of two remarkable volumes of short stories, "From the Life" and "Some Distinguished Americans," Harvey O'Higgins has now written his first full length novel—a book which critics and public have been awaiting for many years.

It is the story of Julie Cane—who made her own way and made a success of it—and of her father. Cane was an unsuccessful country grocer, a figure of contempt to his wife and to his fellow-townsmen but a man of vision nevertheless, and it was to his training that Julie owed the superiority and level headedness by which she achieved triumphant mastery of her own life.

If H. G. Wells' Mr. Polly was a favorite of yours, you will find here a kindred soul. "Julie Cane" is a book to be read with satisfaction and remembered with delight.

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By Felix Timmermans

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## Foreign Literature

## A Non-Political Prince

MY REMINISCENCES. By Prince SERGIUS VOLKONSKY. Berlin: Hiedny Vsadnik. 1924.

Reviewed by ELIAS A. TARTAK

THE reminiscences of Prince Sergius Volkonsky (alive and active at the age of sixty-four) possess a sort of a preliminary option on the interest of a reader at all familiar with the history of arts and letters in Russia. His origin (the accident of an accident, as Mirabeau put it on another occasion) and name should serve as an introduction into the democratic republic of letters. For one thing, Russian literature has always dealt kindly and gently with the Volkonskys. A glamour has been created about the family of Volkonsky by poets and writers of such fame and independence as Pushkin, Tolstoy and Nekrasoff. Each of these writers selected his Volkonsky or Volkonskys as heroes for his novels and poems; and selected them always for praise, never for opprobrium. Tolstoy pictures a whole family of them (thinly disguised under the name of Bolkonsky) through the volumes of his "War and Peace." The radical poet Nekrasoff, in his touching poem, "Russian Women," sings the praises of Princess Maria Volkonskaya, who had relinquished wealth and luxury to follow her husband, Sergius Volkonsky (the grandfather of our writer) and to share with him a thirty years' exile in Siberia. Thither had that namesake and ancestor of Prince Sergius been transported (after a commuted capital sentence) as one of the leaders of a revolutionary movement against Czar Nicholas I.

Nor have the Volkonskys remained only passive figures in Russian literature. The already mentioned revolutionary prince (the grandfather), a General at the age of twenty-four in the wars against Napoleon, and a prisoner in the mines of Siberia at the age of thirty-six, left most interesting memoirs of his campaigns and the Dekabrist political movement, in which he had participated. A Zinaida Volkonskaya was a writer of note in the first half of the nineteenth century, a friend of Pushkin and Gogol. Prince Sergius's mother was also an author of several books on the theological controversy between the Roman Catholic and the Eastern Orthodox (Russian) Church which created somewhat of a sensation and had to be published abroad.

The numerous experiences and observations of Prince Sergius Volkonsky are related most engagingly in this book. That alone would be enough to gain the reader's interest, but something more is needed to make the volume of lasting value. To impart that value to a book of reminiscences its author, besides having witnessed things of importance and interest, should be an artist and thinker. Prince Sergius satisfies both requirements to an eminent degree. He is a well known and respected figure in Russian literature. His writings on the theatre and its aspects ("The Man on the Stage," "The Laws of Speech") have attracted serious attention in Russia and have made him practically the leader of a school standing in many respects in friendly opposition to that of Stanislavsky. He was one of the first in Russia to urge that the individual art of the actor ought to rest on the scientific foundations of the acoustic laws of speech, on the physiological laws of mimics. In short, he endeavored to establish what might be called a scientific philosophy of

the theatre, its psychology and physiology. It is worth observing that Stanislavsky himself sent his younger men to attend the Prince's lectures; moreover, he invited the Prince to direct some of his rehearsals. The Soviet Commissariat of Education retained his services as Professor in the theatrical schools in Moscow. How he taught there during the times of hunger and terror, often hungry himself and for a while barefoot (it was not a fad) makes interesting reading, though the experience itself was not a picnic—apparently. He remembers with pleasure his enthusiastic students, young workingmen, who presented him once with a sack-bag of white flour. He needed it.

His earlier reminiscences of meeting and seeing on the stage such actors as Salvini, Rossi, Duse and Sarah Bernhardt are told with gusto and abound in keen appreciations.

One cannot expect from Prince Sergius anything like an approval of the present order in Russia. He has lost and suffered too much. The loss of a magnificent estate he barely mentions, but the loss of his manuscripts and historical documents rankles in him. He is bitter, but not at all vindictive; his tone is restrained and moderate. There is not a trace of idealization of the political past in the book: that past is throughout condemned. The unteachable rulers brought about the "débacle." However, the book and its author are essentially non-political. The *leit-motif* throughout is artistic. He is devoted above all to his art and researches. For him art and thought are not only a part of life but its highest manifestation and promise. And as long as these survive hope also lives, though charged with much sadness.

## Foreign Notes

HANNS HEINZ EWERS, the well-known German poet and leader of the neo-romantic movement in German literature, has altogether broken away from his accustomed field of endeavor, the romantic novel, and has finished the manuscript of a book on ants. It will be remembered that he lived in New York during the war, and that his novel, "The Vampyre," depicting in a thinly disguised and not always flattering manner many prominent German-Americans, was actually written there. While this book caused our German-American fellow-citizens to turn in disgust from the author, it sold abroad in many thousand copies, almost reaching the popularity of his "Alraune" and "The Devil's Disciple," which sold in more than 500,000 copies and which were translated into not less than twenty-six different languages. One of New York's leading publishers proposes to arrange for a simultaneous publication of the English version of Ewers's new book.

Kurt Wolff of Munich, one of the best known publishing houses of Germany, have acquired the rights of "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl: A Biography," by Samuel Ornitz. The work, which is now in its ninth printing, has been translated into German by Erich Posselt, a well-known journalist and writer. It will be published early in October.

The publishing houses of S. Fischer, Berlin, and Ruettgen & Loening, Frankfurt a-M., have opened negotiations with Theodore Dreiser for the publication in German of

(Continued on page 134)

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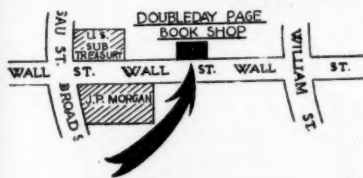
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## Recent French Literature

By LEWIS GALANTIERE

IT IS NOT difficult to select, out of several hundred volumes in the field of *belles lettres* published this year in France, a score or more deserving of honorable mention; what is less easy, however, is to perceive in the selection indication of a clearly defined trend or movement. The day of the literary battle-cry is ended, and the *cénacles*, the *cafés*, the publishers' offices which grouped young writers about æsthetic banners in ardent and wilful conflict are no more. Dada, the most recent of these "movements," is dead; the adherents of Guillaume Apollinaire and the cubists were scattered by the war; the neo-Roman school of Mpréas ceased to excite polemics before 1910; the Abbaye group of poets, formed by Duhamel, Romain, Vildrac and others in 1907, endured one year—long enough to become the cradle of *Unanimisme*; the naturalists who opened the century, the symbolists of the 'nineties, the Parnassians of the 'seventies and the 'eighties, have passed into literary history. To-day, the Goncourt Academy awards its annual prize to novels which its founders, the Goncourt brothers, would have rejected with indignation. Apart from a Catholic group inspired by the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and the politico-literary followers of Charles Maurras, the Royalist and neo-classicist, there are left only individuals of great talent around each of whom clings a small cluster of disciples. Of these may be mentioned Paul Claudel, the symbolist, Paul Valéry, a pupil of Mallarmé, Paul Bourget, whose novels of family life are slightly reminiscent of those of Henry James, Jules Romain, founder of *Unanimisme*, and André Gide, a fervent believer in the demonism of William Blake and of Dostoevski. It is very likely that the future historian of contemporary French literature will discover the influence of Gide to have been far greater than is at present realized. He is the inspirer of a new romanticism whose principal characteristics are restlessness and a desire to escape from all forms of convention. His influence has been felt not only by most of the young writers whose books appear under the *agis* of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (whose patron he is), but also by a number of novelists who do not acknowledge allegiance to him. There remain for mention, finally, the cosmopolitans, who have read the Comte de Gobineau, have visited the French colonies, or have been disgusted with nationalism by the war and thus induced to look abroad and to think of Europe internationally. It is fair to add that hundreds of writers fall outside this classification, but it may be said of these that they are of little importance in the literary stream of the day.

With the death of Pierre Loti and Maurice Barrès, the Academy lost two of its most distinguished men of letters. Loti's last book, written in collaboration with his son, excited little comment, but the "Enquête au Pays du Levant" which Barrès published just before his death displays all the vigor of his great intellect, (limited though it was by an ineradicable chauvinism), and the rich beauty of his magnificent style. Paul Bourget, older by twenty years than Barrès, published this year "Coeur Pensif Ne Sait où il Va," which adds nothing to what he has already said. The third of the "B's" of the French Academy, Henry Bordeaux, a competent manufacturer of insipid stories over which floats, generally, a veil of shallow emotion and carefully composed melancholy, gave his great public three books in the past year, of which the first, "Yamilé sous les Cèdres," a Syrian tale, is good enough to redeem many sins of earlier commission. M. Gustave Geffroy, President of the Goncourt Academy, and M. Lucien Descaves, one of its members, produced each a respectable novel, that of the first-named being entitled "Cécile Pommier" and of the second, "L'Hirondelle sous les Toits." M. Geffroy's novel is to be read without boredom. The elegance of M. Henri de Régnier's writing is to be appreciated in a volume of tales which he calls "Les Bonheurs Perdus"; M. Edouard Estaunié, the most recently elected member of the French Academy, has brought out a lugubrious fiction, "Le Labyrinthe," whose moral data—turning upon the suppression of a bequest of property—seem to me purposely falsified in order to create a story where none exists; Messrs. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, those subtle and penetrating observers and pure stylists who are specialists in the Jewish problem, have studied Zionism with their customary impartiality and fascination in "L'An Prochain

à Jérusalem"; M. George Duhamel continues his absorbing fictions about the soul of the *petite bourgeoisie* in "Deux Hommes," writing with his usual tender purity and vibrant sympathy; M. Pierre Hamp proceeds with his series of novels on the life of French working-people in "Le Lin," a story devoted to flax-workers wherein his dogged honesty and powerful sincerity once more overcome the repulsion we feel for his execrable writing; M. André Savignon gives us "La Tristesse d'Elsie" for the French tradition of life among the lowly in London—a tradition corresponding roughly to that created in America about Paris by Sue's "Mystères de Paris"; finally, M. Emile Henriot, an agreeably erudite critic, has won an Academy prize with his "Aricie, ou les Vertus Bourgeoises," an entertaining but unimportant fiction.

This list disposes of the books of older writers whose novels we have already read in the past and from whom we can scarcely expect a fresh burst of enthusiasm or an attitude toward life different from that which we already know them to have assumed. It is perhaps unfair to place Duhamel, Hamp and the Tharaud brothers among the older men, but their line appears to be so definitely adopted and their convictions seem so deeply rooted that they cannot be classed elsewhere. I should have put with theirs the name of the late Marcel Proust except that his significance is so immeasurably greater than theirs, his work so greatly more important, that to record the publication of "La Prisonnière" merits a paragraph to itself. To analyze these two volumes, the tenth and eleventh of his great work, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," would want more space than has been allotted to me altogether; I can only say that it contains one of the most dramatic and skilfully written chapters—a chapter of two hundred pages—in the whole novel.

The fiction of the younger authors has varied greatly this year in interest as in quality. M. Valéry Larbaud (whom I class deliberately with the younger men because of his ceaseless experiment) has published three novelettes under the title, "Amants, Heureux Amants." The title story, dedi-

cated to his "onlie begetter, James Joyce," is the one which seems to me most successful. Larbaud is one of the cosmopolitans of whom I wrote some lines above; the heroines of his stories are English, Swedish and Italian girls. Another cosmopolitan, renowned as the author of "Ouvvert la Nuit," is M. Paul Morand. Following three volumes of short stories, Morand has now written a novel, "Lewis et Irène," in which his wit, his invention and his crackling style are employed with great charm, though not with so much success as in the tales which brought him international recognition. A better novel than nearly all of the others this year is "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel," by Raymond Radiguet. This young cerebral died at the age of twenty years, leaving "Le Bal," a psychological study which has been compared with that great classic, "La Princesse de Clèves" (there is only a slight resemblance), "Le Diable au Corps," a first novel of astonishing brilliance, and a collection of verses soon to be published. Radiguet was greatly admired and generously praised by the keenest mind and most charming poet of the younger generation, M. Jean Cocteau, who has brought out since the first of the year a volume of caricatural drawings, a thoughtful and sparkling essay on Picasso, two plays and a story called "Thomas l'Imposteur," which is the most delicately subtle and gracefully intelligent fiction of the year. This fairy-tale of the war is as *véridique* as M. Max Jacob's *fantaisie bourgeoise*, "L'Homme de Chair et l'Homme Reflet"; it is more realistic than M. Jacques Kessel's excellent novel of war aviators, "L'Equipage"; it is as tragic, though not so sombre, as M. Mauriac's terrible and perfect "Genitrix"; it is even as strange as the Rumanian, Istrati's "Kyra Kyralina" or M. Marcel Jouhandeau's collection of grotesques which he calls "Les Pincegrain." Far different from any of these is M. Henry de Montherlant's football rhapsody in emulation of Pindar, "Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées." These Olympic chants are fictions, some written in the form of dialogues, and betray not only Montherlant's great lyric gifts but also an idealistic concept of athletics that will interest many Americans. Interesting in totally different fashion will be the novel which M. Roger Martin du Gard proposes to write in sixteen volumes with the general title of "Les Tribault." Six volumes have

already been published of this leisurely account of the childhood and development of two French boys, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant, and of the domestic lives of their families. M. Martin du Gard, whose work betrays the contrary influences of Zola and of Gide, is at the opposite pole from M. Louis Aragon, the most gifted of the former Dadaists. M. Aragon's fiercely rebellious temperament and his easy mastery of French are somewhat terrifyingly illustrated by "Le Libertinage," a recent collection of tales.

With slight exceptions, I have treated thus far only of fiction. Recent books in other departments of literature must be lumped together and mentioned with extreme brevity. Three plays of this year merit reading; they are Jules Romain's "Knock, ou le Triomphe de la Médecine," an intellectual comedy; M. Marcel Achard's "Voulez Vous Jouer avec Moa?" a comedy of melancholy, love and clowns, and M. Paul Raynal's "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe," a grandiose tragedy with great moments and a thesis jammed forcibly into the mould of the play. One poet has risen this year above the rest: he is M. Pierre Reverdy, and his book is called "Les Epaves du Ciel." Lovers of travel will read with pleasure the Barrès book already mentioned, M. Abel Bonnard's "En Chine" and M. Louis Chadoeurne's beautiful and neglected "Le Pot au Noir." Two art books of extraordinary interest are M. Raymond Escholl's "Daumier" and M. Georges Rivière's "Paul Cézanne." Mention must be made also of M. Emile Male's "L'Art Religieux en France au XIIe Siècle," a volume which completes a great masterpiece in the study of Christian art, and M. Pierre Duchartre's profusely illustrated volume on "La Comédie Italienne." Students of current literature will be greatly interested by the interviews given by men of letters to M. Frédéric Lefèvre as set forth in his "Une Heure avec . . ." and by the inquiry made by Messrs. Varillon and Rambaud on the subject of "Les Maîtres de la Jeune Littérature." For those curious about the language, there is M. Abel Hermant's entertaining "Xavier, ou les Entretiens sur la Grammaire Française," as well as Messrs. Jacques Boulanger and André Thérive's "Les Soirées du Grammaire-Club." Essays of general cultural interest are contained in M. Henri Massie's two volumes of severe "Judgments."

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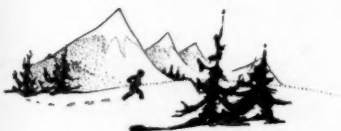
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## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

### Belles Lettres

ELIZABETHANS. By A. H. BULLEN.  
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924.  
\$5.

THESE essays are very worthy of publication in the handsome form in which they now appear. The most agreeable thing about them is their spontaneity, the evidence they bear to Bullen's unmethodized but sincere and original lucubrations in the field of Elizabethan literature. Students in this field will not soon be able to forget or ignore him. His work as editor and anthologist fills some forty of the most indispensable volumes in any Elizabethan library. But Bullen was publisher as well as editor, and the large responsibilities he shouldered in the former capacity necessarily deflected his energies a little—surprisingly little, really, when we consider—from the quintessential performance of the dull duty of an editor, that most merciless and time-consuming of all literary occupations. His presses had to be fed and would not await the slow fruition of superlative collation, annotation or bibliographical clue-gathering.

Thus, as Victorian standards gave place to others more rigorous and meticulous, all Bullen's admitted good judgment and broad scholarship could not quite save his editions of Marlowe, Peele, Marston, Middleton, Day, Nabbes, his priceless collection of Old Plays, and anthologies of printed or manuscript songs from the imputed taint of commercialism and perfunctoriness. It is therefore particularly pleasing to see him vindicated in this posthumous volume—the only book of literary criticism from his hand—as an academic amateur in the best sense.

These essays are written *con amore*: they deal with writers whom his spontaneous taste had selected for his private and personal delectation. Some of them—Hakewill, William Bullein and Breton, for example—are perhaps "poor things," but they are indisputably his own. He holds them by right of discovery and writes of them with an infectious delight in their quaintness and novelty. The same spirit permeates the essays on Campion, Drayton, Dekker, Fulke Greville and Daniel, who, if well known by name at least today, were far less so when Bullen took them up.

Six of the papers are based upon lectures delivered at Oxford as long ago as 1889. All of them except two were written for oral delivery, and they retain a spice of informality which blends happily with the author's indubitable first-hand knowledge of his subjects. The essay on "Shakespeare, the Englishman," written for a soldiers' magazine called *Khaki* in 1916, is the least characteristic in the book. Though eminently just and well-expressed, it shows the cramping of its occasion in a tendency to be obvious and argumentative, from which the rest of the volume is most charmingly free. The book is a welcome accession, both as a real stimulus to Elizabethan studies and as a memorial—the most pleasing doubtless that we could have—of one who in a double sense was a veteran of "the giant race before the flood."

AN ISLAND IN TIME. By HENRY CHESTER TRACY. Yale University Press. \$1.50.

FRIENDS WITH LIFE. By ANNE C. E. ALLINSON. Harcourt, Brace.

DEFINITIONS. Second Series. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. Harcourt, Brace.

RELIGIO JOURNALISTICI. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Doubleday, Page. \$1.

SHAKING THE DUST FROM SHAKESPEARE. By HARRIS JAY GRISTON. Cosmopolis Press.

LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Dial. \$2.50.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By J. W. MACKAIL. Longmans, Green. \$1 net.

THE ENIGMA OF RABELAIS. By A. F. CHAPPELL. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

SUPERS AND SUPERMEN. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. Putnam's. \$2.50.

BLAKE AND MILTON. By DENIS SAURAT. Dial. \$2.

FIGURES IN MODERN LITERATURE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Doran. \$6 net.

### Biography

GEORGE MACDONALD AND HIS WIFE. By GREVILLE MACDONALD.  
New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press. 1924. \$6.

TO MANY people of the present generation George MacDonald is known almost entirely as the author of a few fairy tales. How partial are these acquaintances is shown by a glance at the bibliography of his published works. During his creative period there flowed from his pen over a score of Victorian-style "three-decker" novels, as well as some thirty volumes of poetry, tales, fairy stories, sermons, criticisms and translations. The extent and variety of his writings is a trustworthy index not only to his industry as a man of letters, but also to the rich comprehensiveness of his social, religious and family interests.

He was born in Aberdeenshire in 1824. The trend of his mental and spiritual growth was determined to a generous extent by the atmosphere of religious earnestness which was unchallenged in his own home and in his native village. After leaving Aberdeen University he fitted himself for the ministry at Highbury College, London, and was soon after appointed to the pastorate of the Trinity Congregational Church of Arundel. At this point his divergence from the conventional religious thinking of his contemporaries became more and more evident. His broad humanistic interpretation of spiritual dogma received but little sympathy from his church. His parishioners protested against his kindly hope that the heathen would be vouchsafed some form of after-life and he was also accused of unwholesome interest in Teutonic theologies. The situation grew unbearable for both sides and so, in 1853, he resigned and moved to Manchester, where he did a certain amount of courageous pioneer preaching as a strict independent.

In spite of wretched health and constant poverty, he had been unceasingly interested in literature. The appearance, a couple of years after his departure from Arundel, of his first volume, a long dramatic poem entitled "Within and Without," marked the beginning of richer and more satisfying days, and the popular approval of his novel, "David Elginbrod," crystallized his decision to devote himself henceforth to his pen. The new life widened his points of contact immeasurably, and one notices that such names as Lewis Carroll, John Ruskin and Lady Byron occur more and more frequently. In 1872 George MacDonald, his wife, and son, Greville, toured America, the father lecturing and preaching with a success that is said to have been almost that of Dickens. After their return, the entire family went to Italy, where George MacDonald spent the remainder of his productive life. He went back to England to die in Surrey in the early fall of 1905.

In reading this biography one tends, at times, to regret that so few pages have been devoted to criticism of George MacDonald's achievements in the field of letters. The three-volume novels stick in one's mind and seem to challenge attention *per se*. And yet as one turns the last pages one comes to realize that George MacDonald's books cannot fairly be judged except in reference to his whole life. For there has been no man, perhaps, whose life was more consistent, more truly knit together by a lofty single purpose, more philosophically and calmly ordered to a clearly perceived end. There is no essential difference between this man and his religious beliefs, or between himself and his social philosophy and his novels and his poetry and even his fairy tales. His very home, in Italy, with its characteristic motto: "Corage: God mend al," was to him but another opportunity for the expression of his faith in God and the prodigal giving of human peace and hospitality and kindness. George MacDonald made his contribution as a personality and as a patriarch, as a genius in the love of his fellows. His son understood him thus and in that light has presented him. To have considered his literature merely as literature and his religion as prayers and sermons only would have been misinterpretation as unfair as it was unfortunate.

(Continued on next page)

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## Biography

(Continued from preceding page)

UNDER SAIL. By FELIX RIESENBERG.  
New Revised and Enlarged Edition. New  
York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.

EARLY in December of the year 1897 the ship A. J. Fuller lay near the foot of Maiden Lane, South Street, New York City, loading for Honolulu. A couple of lads in their teens stepped aboard and asked to be taken on as apprentices. But the master was not in the mood to take boys. His crew consisted of two mates, a carpenter and sixteen seamen to work a three-sail-yard ship of 1,848 tons register.

So the boys went up to the office of the owners and laid their case before an unexpectedly sympathetic audience. Any one who has read that vastly entertaining volume, "Ships and Men and Sealing-Wax," will be prepared to believe that the man who wrote it, Charles Ranlett Flint, and who happened to be the person to whom those two boys made their plea, would return a humane and characteristic answer. When Captain Nichols of the A. J. Fuller appeared in the office, as captains will, he was asked to change his mind. He did not do that, as his mind was not only made up, but he was of the opinion that as he had to go to sea in the ship he was the best judge of the personnel required. He had had enough of boys.

"You were a boy yourself once, weren't you?" asked Mr. Flint, who later became known as the organizer of "The Dynamite Fleet" and the "Father of Trusts." Captain Nichols didn't deny that, but wanted a full crew of able seamen. Eventually he got them and the boys as well. The moral of this brief fragment of history is that one of those boys, after a rapid and brilliant career in sail, became an author on his own account. Riesenbergs "Standard Seamanship" is exactly what the title claims.

Our concern, however, is with a book of more general interest. "Under Sail" is a seaman's account of his first voyage around the Horn without either the wealth of detail one finds in Dana or the elaborate style of a Conrad or Tomlinson. Captain Riesenbergs is of the modern school of seamen and by right of fitness the commander of the school ship Newport. He tells his story in a racy, cheerful fashion, without bothering himself or his reader with profound philosophizings or weaving a marvellous embroidery of phrases.

It is easy to see he is concerned for the future of the American merchant service, but it is less easy to discover any reason for satisfaction in the present state of affairs. In the voyage described in "Under Sail" the crew are a typical cosmopolitan crowd, very much the same type of men as those I have sailed with in British tramp steamers. At the present time one will find the same kind of crews. It will be noted, too, that Captain Nichols of the A. J. Fuller expressed his approval of his crew when paying off. Some patriots will find it hard to believe that foreigners could have behaved so well. The fact is, going to sea is a habit mainly confined to nations whose mineral, agricultural and industrial resources are less than those of the United States, and whether the American merchant marine survives as an independent enterprise or as a subsidized burden on the taxpayer, the men who man the ships will hail from many parts, speaking English with a variety of accents. And it is possible, some day, for a strange seaman to come out of South Street bearing some such gift to American literature as did that Polish seaman, who has lately died, to his adopted country. And all the strange feats and heroisms that have not yet found their supreme narrator will live again. Possibly, when the problem of sex has lost its peculiar fascination for the modern American novelists, one of them may turn his eyes towards the seaboard and discover for us the magic and the glamour of a forgotten calling.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.  
By CLAUDE FÉRAL. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50 net.

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER. By STRUTHERS BURT. Scribner's. \$3.

TORQUEMADA. By RAPHAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

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ANATOLE FRANCE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By JAMES LEWIS MAY. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT. By B. S. FORRESTER. Dodd, Mead. \$4.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY. By MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

MY LIFE. By RICHARD WAGNER. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ. By J. W. HAMMOND. Century. \$4.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XV. By MOUFFLE D'ANGERVILLE. Boni & Liveright.

## Drama

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE. By FRANK VERNON. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.

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THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN A GOVERNMENT INDUSTRY. By STERLING DENHARD SPERO. Doran. \$2 net.

## Fiction

CHRIS GASCOYNE. By A. C. BENSON. Dutton. 1924. \$2.50.

A book may bore the young, who demand action, and yet interest those riper in years, who enjoy the savor of anything written by a true and trained literary man, regardless of its subject matter. Such a novel is Benson's "Chris Gascoyne." It is like an artist's study in grays, nicely balanced, proportioned and without one vivid streak of red.

The book is what one may judiciously expect from the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, the eldest of a family of literary brothers, a Cambridge don of 60, an able biographer, a scholarly essayist, a lesser poet, a survivor of the pseudo-dashing literary tradition that closed Victoria's reign. On one side he has the pedantic touch which brings a large outcropping of quotations into the dialogue, and on another the tendency to crown the characters with a diadem of epigrams. The theme of the novel and its method are themselves contradictory. It has the theme of a man who seeks in the country relief from the interpenetration of city dialogue, seeks equipoise and verity. The attempt to appreciate this enterprise is made from the standpoint of the London society which the escapist leaves, from the point of view typical of the 1890's and some other literary eras, which regarded the universe as a composite of urban mankind and "gregarious amenities."

In substance it is a soliloquy cast in the form of an occasional diary. Its fifty-eight short divisions do not titillate with the effect of Sterne's brief chapters, but rather serve to relieve the progress of attenuations and urbanities. It is the story of an attempt to undo the subtle perversions of the gregarious instinct developed by sophisticated society. The protagonist, however, has suffered too great a city change. He is like a Charles Lamb in the country, save that, being more sophisticated, he lacks Lamb's little poignant, tinkling melody and loses himself in a refinement of overtones.

Mr. Benson commands our interest, but he cannot move us. The daring with which his contemporaries shocked their audiences is no longer electric. Their word-wit is out of fashion. Benson, *ex senectute*, speaks something of his philosophy of life, but there are few left to listen.

OIL. By WALTER GILKYSO. Scribner's. 1924. \$2.

It is rare to find in a first novel, such as this of the somewhat forbidding type, so broadly topical a picture of the period in which the writer moves and lives. For "Oil" is a record, written against a varied and carefully crayoned background, of the slow "materialization" by the oil industry of a sensitive post-war mind.

Warwick returns from France filled with a restless excess of energy born of the war. He thinks vaguely of turning it into altruistic directions. Instead, he is first tempted, then captured, by the lure of oil. "There was a greater idealism than any he had ever dreamed of; an idealism that glorified matter, shaped its unyielding substance in the likeness of the spirit. That end justified any means, lifted one's purpose far above all trivial desires." To Texas, and then to Mexico. He even forgets to write to his wife, to open her letters. At length the primitive brutality of competition at its keenest—in which he has come to exult—rises and cuts him down. A Mexican trips him in the dark, inoculates him with fever. Slashes on the face, a fiendish use of sugar-

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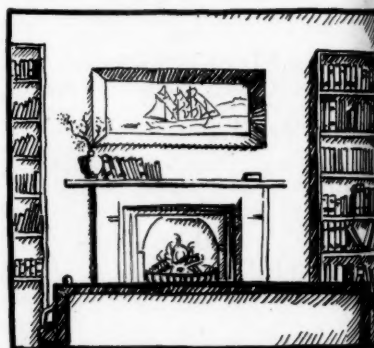
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## Unlike a comet

following its orbit from nowhere to nowhere the social sciences in America have followed a traceable course of development since 1800. Sociology in particular has been concerned in the evolutionary process. It has been the first attempt to develop a social science upon the basis of the group conception of life as contrasted with the individualistic. Professor Albion W. Small, dean of American sociologists, now offers to the interested reader a new view of the course of this science in *ORIGINS OF SOCIOLOGY*. By Albion W. Small. \$3.00, postpaid \$3.15.

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cane sap and red ants, vividly and plausibly described. Delirium And out of this he returns from oil and the hungry pursuit of power to his wife, his home, his normal philosophy.

The author's descriptive workmanship is highly careful, minute and thorough. No stone has been left unturned to find the exact word. This extreme care extends even to slight digressions, into a "movie" palace, for example, and into Carhart's pigsty. At times the writer shows an almost Dickens-like way of compelling interest in his eager rambles.

Apt and varied descriptions of scenery, seen from moving vehicles, abound. The author's fondness for them makes them perhaps unnecessarily numerous. It would be a task, for instance, to count the quite staggering number of roads which he describes. One of Mr. Gilkyson's mannerisms is the frequent banishment of connectives, which slightly enhances a general air of mild excitement. However, it is so habitually used that even one of Carhart's pigs "seemed wholly recovered, oblivious of his recent distress." A breathless pig, forsooth.

On the whole, the writer's acute observation and carefully detailed and connected descriptions are a constant pleasure. Tense passages, like the stabbing of a woman in a Mexican café, are swift-running and vividly drawn. Even the routine of meals and bedtime, briefly outlined, are so real that we follow Warwick home after many a busy day, anxious to know him better and to catch little hints of his changing state of mind. And we are not disappointed.

Mr. Gilkyson's book is more than an outstanding first novel. It is a faithful and very human portrayal of much of the psychological stuff of our post-war period in America. It reflects truly the eager restlessness that thousands feel, and yet imparts a keen enjoyment to the thoughtful reader.

THE SUTTON PAPERS. By SELWYN JEPSON. Dial. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Jepson has compounded nearly all available elements for an exciting detective story and made a good yarn, not original but readable. He has international plotting, a mysterious father, a desert island, a theft of important papers, a disguise and a mistaken identity. He has a love story. There is an honest, ingenuous and fertile-minded hero, an arrogant villain, a cockney pick-pocket serving as valet, a golden-eyed beauty and an old salt. There are equal amounts of money and heroism, and everything modern except radio (which would have spoiled the *dénouement*). The book passes easily as a good example of its class. The slip cover shows that the illustrator had not read it, but many others will.

NINA. By SUSAN ERTZ. Appleton. \$2.

AT THE GATEWAYS OF THE DAY. By PADRAIC COLUM. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

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THE BACK OF THE BOOK. By MARGARET LEECH. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

UNITY. By J. D. BERESFORD. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

THE HAND OF A THOUSAND RINGS. By ROBERT BACHMACANN. Cosmopolitan Press.

DEVIL DARE. By ALFRED OLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

FATE AND A MARIONETTE. By HANNA RION. Clode.

THE TEMPLETON CASE. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Clode.

## Foreign

VERDI. ROMAN DER OPER. VON FRANZ WERFEL. Berlin: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1924. (New York: Atlantic Book and Art Corporation.)

POSSIBLY the most important work of literature coming out of Germany during the past year, Franz Werfel's new novel "Verdi" is more, much more than one of those more or less interesting books written around as well known a figure as Italy's most important composer, Giuseppe Verdi. It is not merely a most interesting, artistic and poetic study of the composer, it is at the same time what the subtitle forecasts: a novel of the opera, and a beautifully conceived, aptly executed and fascinating picture of Venice in the year of our Lord 1882.

After a period of artistic inactivity which lasted almost ten years, Verdi has come to Venice, where, as he knows, his younger and triumphant rival for musical laurels, Richard Wagner, sojourns, surrounded, as it were, by a court of admirers and disciples. Past the pinnacle of his fame, the Italian secretly longs to meet the Teuton; but his pride forbids him to call on him. His heart is torn between hope and despair. Has all his past life, all his strenuous work been in vain? Were all his beliefs and hopes, his dreams and his works no more than hapless phantasies? Are they to die with him? Will his rival capture the universe, and annihilate him in the ever growing flame of his triumphs? Friends begin to neglect him; foes openly proclaim him as the rather pitiable "grand old man of the past." His genius seems gone; not a bar of music floats—as in the days of yore—from his tormented heart.

Then Verdi, with tremendous efforts, forces himself to work. For years he has treasured and hoped to do one day "King Lear"; now he tries, and tries again to set it to music. But in vain; the divine spark that has burned in him for so many years seems buried. And one day in utter despair and disgust he throws the manuscript into the fire.

Now he is ready to give up, at peace with himself and the world. Now he is ready to bow his head and to admit defeat; now he is ready to meet—without malice and scorn—the man who has wrested his laurels from him. But when he sets his foot on the marble steps of the Palazzo Vendramin, Wagner's home in Venice, he learns that his rival died a few hours before. Shocked and grieved, Verdi resolves to return to Genoa and to devote the remainder of his waning years to works of charity. But even on his way back to oblivion the great composer is overcome once more by a flood of melodies breaking from his heart—as if the death of his greatest rival, admired and despised, hated and loved, had revived his art.

Franz Werfel's fame as a poet is well established. And after his first novel, "Der Ermordete, Nicht der Mörder ist Schuldig" (The murdered one, not the murderer is guilty), every student of German literature knew that this young German-Bohemian was a promise and a hope for the future. Now he has fulfilled his promise—he has written a book which ranks high and which no doubt before long will be obtainable in an adequate English translation.

LE POISON A TRAVERS LES AGES. By CHARLES LELEUX. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1924.

For mass killing poison has only minor recognition, but for individual murder it stands far above its competitors. It is as old as killing itself and still holds its place as the *môde raffinée*, the method of the subtle mind and the delicate reaction. M. Leleux has made the study of poison his life work and this volume dealing with great poisoners and their methods makes a commendable companion volume to his previous study on the nature and effects of poisons.

Our first evidences of the use of poison come from Egypt and the old Orient. M. Leleux finds but slight mention of poisons used as such in the Old and New Testaments, but this was probably because "selon l'usage antique—elle était la chose secrète, dont on ne parle pas." From the peoples of the Orient the knowledge and the exercise of poisons spread to Greece, where its use became extensive. As in the case of Socrates, so in many other instances poison was a method of painless killing, more dramatic, though less thrilling than our electric chair. In Rome it reached its fullest development in the days of the Borgias and the *bagues de mort*. Perhaps at no time before or since did this subtle art reach a more sophisticated stage, and M. Leleux says of this period that "la décadence de Rome a commencé: le poison fait partie de ses hontes."

It was from Rome that the French got their knowledge of poison and examples of its uses. The intimate contact in war and commerce between France and Italy had opened to France the brilliance of the Renaissance, but also with it some regrettable acquisitions, among them, notes M. Leleux, "l'art de préparer et d'utiliser un grand nombre de poisons, jusque-là inconnus chez nous." It is to the uses of poison and the history of poisoners in France that M. Leleux gives most of his attention. The royal poisonings, because of their victims, the *causes célèbres* because of their prominence, and the medically interesting cases because of their cleverness, are here all discussed. With the history in France up to recent times, including a chapter in the uses of poison in the Great War, M. Leleux leaves off his interesting account.

(Continued on next page)

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vinity of some animals? How did the curious ceremonies pertaining to birth, marriage and death—some of which are still to be found among civilized people, originate?

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## The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

### History

- THE ENGLISH CONQUEST OF NORMANDY, 1416-1424. By RICHARD AGER NEWHALL. Yale University Press. \$4.  
THE TRIUMPH OF LORD PALMERSTON. By B. KINGSLEY MARTIN. Dial. \$3.50.  
NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE. By WALTER GREER. Brentano's.  
OYSTER BAY TOWN RECORDS. Edited by JOHN COX, JR. Vol. II. New York: Tobias A. Wright.

### Juvenile

- A BOOK OF SAINTS FOR THE YOUNG. By LUCY MENZIES. Medici Society.  
STORIES FROM DICKENS. By J. WALKER McSPADDEN. Crowell. \$2.50 net.  
POWDER-PATCHES AND PATTY. By E. B. KNIFE and A. A. KNIFE. Century. \$1.75.  
SALLY SIMMS ADVENTURES II. By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. Century. \$1.75.  
THE LOST FLAMINGOS. By G. INNESS HARTLEY. Century. \$1.75.  
GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN. By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER. Century. \$1.75.  
THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE GIRL. By GRACE STOCKWELL. Century. \$1.75.  
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BUILDINGS. By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT. Century. \$2.50.  
CHINESE FAIRY TALES. By NORMAN H. PITMAN. Crowell. \$1.60 net.  
STORIES OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. By W. WALDO CUTLER. Crowell. \$2.50 net.  
THE LITTLE ALPINE MUSICIAN. By JOHANNA SPYRL. Crowell. \$1.50 net.  
KAK. By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON and VIOLET IRWIN. Macmillan.  
LITTLE GIRL AND BOY LAND. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace.  
A DOUBLE STORY. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Harcourt, Brace.  
TAYTAY'S MEMORIES. Collected by ELIZABETH W. DE HUFF. Harcourt, Brace.  
WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES. By ANNE HAVARD. Scribner's. \$1.60.  
LIVES OF BUSY NEIGHBORS. By INEZ N. McFEE. Stokes. \$2 net.  
SCHOOLGIRL KITTY. By ANGELA BRAZIL. Stokes. \$1.75 net.  
THE BOYS ON WILDCAT RANCH. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. Stokes. \$1.75 net.  
SUMMER AT CLOVERFIELD FARM. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Stokes. \$1 net.  
FAIRY TALES. By HANS ANDERSEN. Illustrated by KAY NIELSEN. Doran.  
RUFFS AND POMPONS. By BEULAH KING. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

### Miscellaneous

- THE MODERN GOLFER. By CYRIL H. J. TOLLEY. Knopf. 1924. \$2.  
To the benighted novice, this book-golfing by an ex-British amateur champion

will prove no less instructive and no more confusing than most. For the hearth-side golf dreamer it contains at least two new theories—one on the left toe, one on eying the ball. The carefree, habitual golfer who goes to the links for exercise and lets the devil take his style may find the anecdotes amusing, and may not.

- ONE-PIECE DINNERS. By MARY D. CHALMERS. Little, Brown. 1924. \$2.

Here is a book on cookery which is so novel that it is almost freakish. It is easy to see that the writer is a daring, a brilliant cook. The recipes given suggest futurist paintings: startling ingredients are dealt with individualistically. To an epicure the book should prove exciting because it offers new combinations of tastes and tells explicitly how to achieve them. But to any one who has not a catholic or an experimental palate the book will seem merely "queer." Imagine putting meat, sugar, raisins and marshmallows together! Conceive of round steak baked with bananas and tomatoes! Yet, somehow, one feels confident that the end verifies the means. As the title of the book implies, the recipes are for food combinations which may be cooked all in one casserole or stewing-pan, thus making a complete dinner-in-one—with the addition of salad and dessert optional. Dishes from many parts of the world are introduced. Recipes are grouped conveniently according to the time needed for their preparation: dinners requiring two to three days, those requiring one to two hours, quick-meal dinners, etc. With every dinner comes the suggestion of a suitable salad and dessert to accompany it. The book is appetizingly illustrated. But beware! It is a sophisticated dose.

- THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN. By ANNE RITTENHOUSE. Harper's. 1924. \$2.

This book, with its title which women will find it hard to resist, is genuinely helpful, because it is written not by a faddist or an extremist but by a woman of common sense who has had many years' experience writing about fashion. There are no vague beatings about the bush. Difficulties are set up, met squarely and stimulatingly, then dismissed until the next chapter is reached—in which the whole book is deftly summed up by means of ten pages of brief warnings, called "A Creed for the Clothes Closet." There are contributions by Jean Worth and Paul Poirer. And it is interesting to see that both these French artists look at the problem of dress solely from the angle of each individual woman: "Wear what suits you!" is the basis of their words. It is likewise the basis of the whole book. The author divides her readers into types, advises each type thoroughly, suggesting personal research in the case of overlapping types. Perhaps in no other book has the stout woman, the emaciated woman or the florid woman found herself dealt with in such patient detail. And the thin woman will find that she is the heroine of the book—if only she will take the trouble to dress her part.

- LEGENDS OF HIGHWAYMEN AND OTHERS. Collected by the Late R. BLAKEBOROUGH and Edited by J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH. Stokes. 1924. \$3 net.

Here are tales of ghostly and mysterious happenings from the days when knight-bound coaches on English highroads feared to hear the gallop of horses, loud curses and a thundered "Stand and deliver!" from masked riders. Dick Turpin and Swift Nick tear once more through the night along English byways and end their days on the scaffold. And here also is material to which the predecessors of Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle lent willing ears a hundred and more years ago.

The elder Mr. Blakeborough must have spent much time and energy if the present editor's notes are literally true—that he collected and left in shape material for many more such volumes as this. Most of them, one fancies, came from Northumberland and the Scottish border, and have the sound of tales handed down from father to son, perhaps in dialect for the most part. Sorting them, ridding them of the too difficult dialect, combining versions where differences have crept in: all this has been excellently managed. And variety in the material has been very well maintained.

Among the weirdest are the versions of "The Hand of Glory" and "The Specter Abbas at the Crossroads." The burning candle clutched in a dead hand and casting a spell on all who sleep: the old witch who foretold death and interpreted the unearthly sight at the fork of the roads; these partake of the nature of "Dracula" and the true thrill of the uncanny.

- YOUTH POINTS THE WAY. By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Appleton. \$1.

- THE AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. By WILLIAM S. LARNED. Harcourt, Brace.

- PROCEEDINGS OF A CONFERENCE ON MOTOR VEHICLE TRAFFIC HELD UNDER THE JOINT AUSPICES OF YALE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT. Edited by RICHARD S. KIRBY. Yale University Press. 50 cents.

- THE CUSTOMS OF MANKIND. By LILLIAN EICHLER. Nelson Doubleday. \$3 net.

- THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LIFE. By HAROLD DEARDEN. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

- THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. By RICHARD HOOKER. Macmillan. \$2.

- WHAT THE SMALL TOWN NEEDS. By CLARENCE W. WAGENER. Baltimore: Fischer.

- WHY THE WEATHER? By CHARLES FRANKLIN BROOKS. Harcourt, Brace.

- MANAGERIAL ACCOUNTING. By J. O. MCKINSEY. University of Chicago Press. \$4.

- MECHANICAL REFRIGERATION. By HAL WILLIAMS. Pitman. \$6.

- NEEDLEWORK IN RELIGION. By MARY SYMONDS. Pitman. \$6.50.

- CHILDREN'S COSTUME. By PERCY MACQUOID. Medici Society.

- ENGINEERING IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By CONRAD NEWTON LAUER. McGraw-Hill. \$2.50.

- THE AGE OF GUILF. By ALBERT NICHOLAS KAUCHER. Boston: Tuckerman School.

- THE BULL CALF AND OTHER TALES. By A. B. FROST. Scribner's. \$1.50.

- THE WONDERS OF SALVAGE. By DAVID MASTERS. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

- OUR HARBORS AND INLAND WATERWAYS. By FRANCIS A. COLLINS. Century. \$2.

- THE NORMAL MIND. By WILLIAM H. BURNHAM. Appleton. \$3.50.

### Pamphlets

- "RAMSAY MACDONALD SOCIALISM." By EDWARD PRICE BELL. Chicago Daily News.

- THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION IN TRANSITION, 1910-1924. By SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

### Philosophy

- THE PRINCIPLES OF REASONING. By DANIEL SOMMER ROBINSON. Appleton. \$2.50.

- SIGMUND FREUD. By FRANZ WITTELS. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

- THE DISCOVERY OF INTELLIGENCE. By JOSEPH K. HART. Century. \$4.

### Poetry

- BY HAUNTED STREAM: AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN ENGLISH POETS. Edited by L. A. G. STRONG. Appleton. 1924. \$2.

This anthology is interesting as illustrating selection from the books chosen by one publisher, Basil Blackwell, in his annual publication, "Oxford Poetry." It is a view of one man's taste in the poetry of his time. What emerges is an interesting representation of many minor poets not well known in America and a few of larger fame. Lusciousness of phrase and richness and novelty of imagery are the dominant impressions; there is more beauty of diction, more daring and strangeness in figure, less strength and less closeness to the life of the mind than would be found in an equivalent American collection. Whether this is due to the choice displayed or as a characteristic of contrast, the evidence is insufficient to indicate. The average of these poems is high, though few rise far above it. They are richer in images than in thought or emotion.

- THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ANNE BRONTE. THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY BRONTE. THE COMPLETE POEMS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE. Edited by CLEMENT SHORTER. Doran. 3 vols. \$3 net each.

- SONGS OF THE OPEN. By GRANTLAND RICE. Century. \$1.50.

- SONGS AND BALLADS OF ROBERT BURNS. Doran. \$5.

- SYMPHONIES AND SONGS. By JOHN ROBERT MOORE. Four Seas.

- WHO LIGHTLY SIPS. By JOHN T. TROTH. Dorrance. \$1.

- NEBRASKA VERSE, 1923-1924. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.

### Religion

- THE WORLD OF SOULS. By WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI. Dial. \$3.50.

- HUMAN RELATIONS IN THE LIGHT OF CHRIST. By H. C. CARTER. Appleton.

- THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA. By ROBERT L. KELLY. Doran. \$5 net.

### Science

- THE FIRST ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN GEOLOGY. By GEORGE P. MERRILL. Yale University Press. \$6.

### Travel

- HAWAII. By KATHERINE POPE. Crowell. \$3 net.

- TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY. By PRINCESS DER LING. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

- AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Century. \$5 net.

- TO LHASA IN DISGUISE. By WILLIAM MCGOVERN. Century. \$5.

- AROUND THE HORN TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA, 1845-1850. By CHESTER S. LYMAN. Yale University Press. \$3.50.

- MY ESKIMO FRIENDS. By ROBERT J. FLAHERTY. Doubleday, Page. \$5 net.

THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY of Boston announces the early publication of a volume which will be of interest to Dickens collectors, "Dickens in Cartoon and Caricature," a work compiled by William Glyde Wilkins, who died before publication could be undertaken. It will be printed on Holland paper, contain about 250 pages of text, and sixty-one full-page illustrations. The edition will be limited to the number of advance orders.

Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., 15 East Fortieth Street, sends out the announcement of a book that will appeal to those interested in Gissing and Dickens. It is entitled "Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens," by George Gissing. It contains essays on various works of Dickens by Gissing, only six of which have been published before. There is also a complete bibliography of Gissing and a brilliant introduction by Temple Scott entitled "Dickens in Memory." The volume will be published September 30 in a limited edition of 1,500 copies.

Worthington C. Ford's paper on "Captain John Smith's Map of Virginia, 1612," first printed in the *Geographical Review*, has been brought out in a separate volume.

## Regarding the two new books of Dr. Sigmund Freud

Front page stories declaring that Dr. Freud had renounced Psychoanalysis, greeted the first issuing in Vienna of these two important books, "BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE" (\$1.50) and "GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO" (\$2.00). But a close reading of these two books reveals that far from being a renunciation of Psychoanalysis

they are an extension of the principle of Psychoanalysis into new realms of human consciousness. In "BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE" is revealed the enormous influence of the conscious and subconscious awareness of death. In "GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO" Psychoanalysis is applied to a study of the crowd.

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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.



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—*Psychoanalytic Review*

At Bookshops

## A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

BALISAND. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER (Knopf).

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA. By IRVING BROWN (Harper's).

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY (Dodd, Mead).

Professor Conrad Logan of the Virginia State Teachers' College tossed a sentence into the mail that lit on a Vermont hill-top, August headquarters of this department, and went off with a bang.

"THE READER'S GUIDE BOOK," says he, just like that, "is a most valuable book—and it reads like a novel!" "It must be out!" cried the author, and started for sea level, where a month's review copies were piling up. Stopping at Boston to lecture at the Public Library, it was twilight, when Boylston Street shops, always charming, take on a special allure. So I paused at a bookshop across from the Frog Pond, and there—not one, but two copies of "The Reader's Guide Book," by May Lamberton Becker (Holt), in the center place of honor. The sight of those twin jewels called for a celebration: what it got was strawberry ice-cream. It is no doubt as well that I did not have my first sight of my first book in Montreal, where I came upon the first copy of *The Saturday Review*.

The book saves me space in this issue. I can tell H. S. W., Philadelphia, and M. M., Minneapolis, who ask for translations of Chinese poetry, that they are all set down in the chapter on that subject. J. F. O., Waynesboro, Pa., looking for reading to prepare for a trip around the world, will find one chapter just for that and several on books about various foreign countries. Also, Miss Fanny Butcher made an excellent world travel list last year which was widely distributed by travel agencies, and no doubt may be obtained through her bookshop in Chicago. R. N. M., New York, asked by an intelligent relative to make out a course of study in psychology, will find it done for him in another chapter—in whose preparation some famous men took part, by the way. And the people who ask me every year, "what became of the farmer's wife who could buy but four books a year?" will find that correspondence—the "R. F. D. Letters"—making the opening chapter.

"Can you refer me," says L. B. G., Green-castle, Ind., "to a scholarly text-book that sets forth the principles of oral reading of verse? Is there such an animal?"

THERE certainly is, a model in more ways than one. Elsie Fogerty's "The Speaking of English Verse" (Dutton) I have recommended again and again this summer, each time for a different reason. It is scholarly in its thorough-going treatment of the subject, which involves a history of verse forms and a study of the relation of poetry to music, while in its exercises and advice it is lucid and practical. There is a new, enlarged edition of Pertwee's "The Reciter's Treasury of Verse," an English favorite (Routledge), brought out here by Dutton. There is an introduction on the principles and practice of reading poetry out loud, and a great number of poems, including many that the old-fashioned elocutionist would not have considered platform material. But if we have begun at last to realize that poetry on the page bears about the same relation to

vocal poetry that a black rubber disc does to the same disc put in the phonograph and played, we will see to it that children are brought up to hear and to say beautiful verse.

H. M. T., Toronto, Canada, asks if there is a volume that treats of the various amendments to the American Constitution, the causes that led up to them and the nature of the amendments themselves, a book intended for the interested reader, not a political treatise.

"THE CONSTITUTION AND WHAT IT MEANS TODAY," by Edward S. Corwin, Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton, is issued by the Princeton University Press; it contains the complete text of the Constitution and Amendments, with an explanation of the meaning and scope of every passage at all obscure, showing the difference between the original meaning and that of today. "The Constitution To-day," by Roscoe L. Ashley (Macmillan), is a small text-book for high schools, with themes for discussion and a good bibliography for further study; it is just published. "The Constitution of the United States: Its Sources and Its Applications," by Thomas James Norton, is a brief and interesting constitutional history of the United States, published by Little, Brown; it gives the text in bold type, surrounding it with explanation and instances.

R. W., Scarsdale, N. Y., an authority on books about the Mesopot campaign, asks when there will be another edition of "Mudlarks" by "Patlander"?

CROSBIE GARSTIN, author of "The Owl's House" (Stokes), who was "Patlander," writes from Cornwall, England: "As to whether or no there will be a fresh edition of 'Mudlarks' rests with the publishers, Doran & Co. It will come, of course; it must. The greatest human effort and tragedy in history cannot be shuffled, head over heels, into limbo. But I think for the moment, people (by this I mean the general public) want time to recover. For myself, of course, I should be only too glad to see the 'Mudlarks' come forth again. I wrote those sketches under real difficulties—I was in the line or close behind it practically the whole of the time. The Mesopot campaign has never been fully dealt with. To me one of the most picturesque items is that the boats that did most of the trooping on the Euphrates and Tigris were the London penny steamers! An epic voyage for these little craft, across Biscay's Bay, along the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea and up the Persian Gulf—and, I may add, I should not have known of this had it not been for an American."

N. B. asks also what was the name of the book about the cruise of the *Speejacks*? "SEA-TRACKS OF THE SPEEJACKS 'ROUND THE WORLD," by Dale Collins, an ingratiating book about a 35,000-mile trip in a tiny boat, is published by Doubleday, Page.

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*Matilde Neil*

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## Shakespeareana

An important contribution to Elizabethan literature—*Detroit Free Press*

A valuable and interesting Elizabethan document—*Boston Transcript*

A very curiously privately printed book \* \* \* It contains a reprint of a book which is not in the British Museum—*Gesta Grayorum*—*London Graphic*

It describes Shakespeare's connection with the Inns of Court and gives many particulars relating to Queen Elizabeth, Francis Bacon and others—*London Law Times*

It will repay delving to anyone who enjoys Shakespeare—*Minneapolis Tribune*

\* \* \* The book is full of interesting data and so appealing to me as a life long student of Shakespeare—Honorable James M. Beck.

Mr. Brown, an American Shakespearean student, introduces a number of essays on various Shakespearean topics, which bear witness to his close acquaintance with the literature of the period. Readers will find much minute information in these papers—*The London Times Literary Supplement*

\* \* \* An unique contribution to Shakespeareana and Baconiana. Basil Brown has hewed out a line for himself—Dr. Appleton Morgan, President New York Shakespearean Society and Editor the *Bankside Shakespeare*.

The book has so much matter of intrinsic interest that lovers of the seventeenth century will be grateful for it—*New York Herald*

Let us cordially avow once more the illustrative value and curious interest of the material Mr. Brown has collected—Professor Tucker Brooke, *Evening Post*, New York.

\* \* \* Mr. Basil Brown's book is a volume of literary antiquarianism, which gives us a reprint of "Gesta Grayorum," a pamphlet famous in Shakespearean literature. Mr. Brown sets out to show that Shakespeare met Bacon in the Forest of Arden, and that Bacon was not only his grand protector in London, but that it was he who taught Shakespeare those details of legal phrasing that have often astonished lawyers—Robert Lynd, *London Daily News*.

## Law Sports at Gray's Inn [1594]

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## Points of View

### Entre Nous

("Not to be published.")

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

In short, my ideal for the *S. R. L.* is a completely civilized paper: with all the vices and virtues of civilization: its nostalgia for the old simplicity, its full and generous toleration, its troubled and self-scrutinizing doubt, its divinely useless mirth, its high intellectual boiling-point, its cheerful disregard of things not really worth discussing among tenderly disillusioned philosophers. These, I suppose, are the pangs by which a "civilization" goes round the great sweeping curve toward a rediscovery of Loveliness. We must be of our own era or we are nothing: we must sit in it like frogs in a pond, but with eyes bulging just a little bit over the scum. The mistake we all make is to try to explain things we know to be true: as soon as you begin to do that, they seem doubtful! I have seen pine trees, with ferns under them, that swore that war is inconceivable.

I liked Martha Bianchi's letter on Emily. Emily ran about three hilltops ahead of the American mind, and a lot of people become unbuttoned trying to catch up with her. But it is encouraging to see how intensely determined the American mind is to do just that—catch up. You see them over here in shoals, catching up. And folks like Thoreau, by loitering in a pine-wood, got so far, far ahead! America has been so hellishly busy thinking about morals, now it has naturally gone to the other extreme and relishes being consciously unmoral: whereas the real philosopher, I dare say, never concerns himself with the matter at all, any more than gods or leopards. I don't know how it is since May 24 (or even August 2), but there was a time in America, quite recently, when the faintest movement towards disinterested thinking was considered indecent. Take—, for example: how dull and deadly she can make even the heavenly delights of the *mot juste*. She is as depressing as the *garçonne* who toil not neither do they spinster. I guess you've had enough. It's fun to let one's mind run a little, regardless of destination and destiny. The order of the day for the mind is "Home, James!" But where is home? They toil not, neither do they Spinoza. But Americans are getting civilized, because they are beginning to call God by his first name.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

### Scientific Method

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

On reading the book review by Bertrand Russell on "Scientific Method" I was again impressed with what seemed to me Mr. Russell's lecture while he was in New York on "Man and Mechanism," although disappointed to discover that the mechanism was the prosaic mechanism of the factory and not the infinitely more perfect and alluring mechanism of life. After this lecture he very graciously acknowledged the contention of a questioner that the rule of a class always implied a possibility of tyranny to the minority, and frankly admitted he had no solution to offer. He admits the same lack in regard to a fundamental solution of the validity of induction in this review. I am, therefore, quite sure Mr. Russell will welcome a few more or less matured reflections on this problem.

The difference in attitude of Russell and Haldane towards the "reign of science" has seemed to me explainable only on the assumption that the mechanist philosophy implied in Mr. Russell's "Analysis of Mind" engenders a deep feeling of pessimism, whereas it takes a tremendous amount of optimism to believe the metaphysical structure of Haldane's "Humanist Philosophy."

Is there really any necessity for a logically reasoned proof of the validity of induction? To demand an absolute proof, we are falling into the same difficulty that the deductive philosophies of old encountered. The pursuit of absolutes has been the bane of humanity for many centuries. In spite of volumes, expressed in diverse forms, from Ibsen to Nietzsche, the call still persists. It seems to be inherent in the psyche, a unique result of civilization

itself, I venture to submit. Civilization in the sense of a settled life.

The greatest disservice science ever received is the statement that its laws are eternally valid and positive. They are continually on review, subject to change with every new and unexplained phenomenon noted. For practical purposes many of the truths established by induction have such a high degree of probability for so many people that we speak of them as certain. But to speak of them as absolutely true is to logically overstep the bound of common sense. The opposite view is always productive of the regimented consciousness, which is being subject to such severe ridicule at the present time.

This will be clearer, I believe, if we take into consideration the range of validity of our inductions and consider the result in the light of evolution. As pointed out by Mr. Russell, induction prevails among animals as well as among men. It is simply a mental habit, or reaction to external stimuli. Considered in this way, intuition is simply induction, and it is just at this point that science and art meet. Induction is the fountain-head of both. It is needless to say that the intuition invoked by metaphysical philosophers is incomprehensible to any one viewing life in this way. Intuition is the conscious or unconscious reaction of a living organism to a stimulus, and rests on the accumulation of experience; an idea being the result of first-hand experience or interpreted subjectively by past experiences.

Science is the coördinated impression of mankind and certain facts have been tentatively put forward, labeled laws, which have been ascertained by induction. These laws are always open for inspection and correction. If any one disputes their validity it is up to him to supply the evidence of human experience which refutes them. We scientists do not question that such changes may come, and in fact we welcome them. Each change is the result of wider experiences or the noting of phenomena formerly unnoted. The results achieved are therefore not to be considered eternally true but provisionally true. Why such a view could seem impossible is not quite clear. To the starfish on the ocean's bottom (if we may be permitted for the moment the fallacy of supposing the starfish to think) the world is nothing but water. To us such a view is preposterous, but in the final analysis our idea about the extent and features of the universe is simply due to wider experience and not to a difference in quality of thought. The experiences of each individual suffices for his interpretation of life and furthermore is true for that individual.

The three courses open to an individual when a conflict arises between our spontaneous beliefs and our reasoned conclusions, noted by Mr. Russell, therefore appear to me to be simply three instances of historical truths which are transcended by Mr. Russell's intellect because he is living now and not then.

REIMAN G. ERWIN

### Shakespeare's Signature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

The following story of the discovery, in a remote part of this country, of a supposedly genuine signature of the great dramatist, is, I think, of sufficient interest to be shared with your readers.

Except for a brief reference in Leon H. Vincent *Bibliograph* (1898, p. 28) the history of this specimen is unpublished. This is the story as I heard it from the "discoverer" a few months ago:

"Yes, it was many years ago, in McClurg's bookstore in Chicago, that I was showing a group of friends a book in which on the title page there appeared the initials of John Milton. The book itself was enclosed in a case made from the wood of the elm formerly standing in the grounds of Milton's London residence. My exhibit was duly admired, but one bystander remarked, 'Oh, yes, that's very fine, but I know of a book out in Nevada with the signature of William Shakespeare in it.'

"It occurred to me that the book thus spoken of might be a Shakespeare folio, and it was with this thought in mind rather than any interest in the alleged signature that led me to obtain the address of the owner of the volume and write him about it, hoping, but never really expecting to

hear anything more of it. But one morning the expressman rang my door-bell, and handed me a package. On opening it, there was revealed the book in question, surely enough a second folio of Shakespeare, very imperfect, much mutilated, portrait gone, leaves gone and pasted down on one of the remaining fly leaves, a cut fragment of paper carrying the signature, 'W. Shakespeare.' The book contained other and most interesting confirmatory evidence bearing on the authenticity of the signature. Tucked away between the leaves of the folio a letter was found. This letter referred to the folio but discussed chiefly the Shakespeare signature.

"The volume carried other signatures written on the fly leaves. Two leaves were glued together, but on holding them up to the light the name 'Savage' could be deciphered. The signature 'J. Ward' was written on another leaf.

"Who was J. Ward? There was a Rev. John Ward, once Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, and he lived there only some fifty years subsequent to the death of Shakespeare himself. (Ward died in 1681.) Furthermore, I learned that John Ward's papers had been arranged and published by Charles Severn, M. D., in 1839, and that on page 36 of this book the following statement by Dr. Severn appears: 'In a copy of the folio edition of his works, formerly in the possession of the Rev. J. Ward, "W. Shakespeare" is written on a slip of paper pasted in, probably a genuine autograph obtained by Mr. Ward.'

"There was, however, another J. Ward, an actor, grandfather of the Kembles and their sister, Mrs. Siddons, who in 1746 revived and produced 'Othello' in the Town Hall at Stratford, contributing the proceedings of the performance to the restoration of the bust of Shakespeare on the monument in the parish church. To which of the Wards the signature 'J. Ward' in the folio is to be attributed remains a question as yet unsettled, but that the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford, once owned this volume, seems probable from the statement just quoted from John Ward's 'Diary,' edited by Dr. Severn.

"At the time of the discovery of this unique example of autography the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips of Great Britain was living, and as he was admittedly the greatest Shakespearean expert, I referred the question of the authenticity of the signature to him. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips suggested that I bring it to England for examination by experts there. I found later that in *Notes and Queries* (Feb. 14, 1880, p. 135), he had advertised for the very same folio mentioned in John Ward's 'Diary,' and presumably the identical volume now under consideration.

"An exhaustive examination of the specimen was made by experts, who pronounced the paper unquestionably of Shakespeare's time, likewise the ink, and they even raised the slip of paper to get a sample of the paste, which, when examined microscopically, was found to be made of flour milled, not by any modern process, but by attrition between the upper and nether millstones of the olden days."

The narrator here rested his case, and it is for the reader to draw his own conclusions. Naturally, the further history of this specimen of great interest, but before telling this let me state how the book passed from the first known owner in Nevada to the second owner, who has just spoken. The former owner apparently set no great store by his possession and was anxious, or at least willing, to part with it for a moderate consideration. An offer of one hundred dollars was made, or an alternative offer of a new and fine set of Shakespeare, worth about seventy-five dollars, with an assortment of autographs thrown in. The latter offer was the one accepted, and with perfect satisfaction. From the purchaser the volume was sold later to a Chicago bibliophile, and on the latter's death in 1920 it went to the library of the Illinois Historical Society. It then passed to a well-known collector of Shakespearean folios. The highly interesting question is, where did the volume and signature come from, and how did it happen to turn up in Nevada? The mystery remains unsolved. The Nevada owner stated that he thought it might have come from "an old Mormon outfit," but he knew little more about it, except that the book had been kicking about his office for many years. An additional fact of great interest is that such a specimen should have survived nearly two hundred years without ever having been handled by a dealer.

FRANK LESTER PLEADWELL

Washington, D. C.

## Foreign Notes

(Continued from page 127)

his novels, "The Genius," "Jenny Gerhard," "The Financier" and "The Color of a Great City."

Strange as it may seem, there has, up to the present, been no history of the City of Paris based upon recent research. The lack has now been supplied by the appearance of the first volume of what is to be an exhaustive work on the city, Marcel Poete's "Un Vie de Cité: Paris de Sa Naissance a Nos Jours" (Picard). The present volume, entitled "La Jeunesse des Origines aux Temps Modernes," gives every evidence that the entire study will be of authoritative character. M. Poete is no dry-as-dust historian, nor does he narrow his chronicle to a small field; quite to the contrary, his Paris has its roots spreading out through the nation and the centuries of its history. His narrative is animated as well as scholarly and should prove of high interest as well as of solid value.

Though little known to the American public, Adolf Cerny, who has recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, has long enjoyed the esteem of the Slavonic literary world. For forty years this Czechoslovak scholar, poet and publicist championed the cause of the smallest of the Slavonic peoples—the Wends of Lusatia—and is perhaps the foremost living authority on that interesting and unhappy folk. He was for years the editor of a Slavonic review, *Slovansky prehled*, published at Prague up to the outbreak of the late war, a periodical which had among its contributors all the leading Slavonic publicists of the day. He is the author of numerous works on the Wends and the other Slavs. In his poetical works, which appeared under the name of Jan Rokyta, as well as in his literary and practical efforts toward a rapprochement of all Slavonic peoples, Cerny is a pupil of the greatest Czechoslovak poet, Vrchlicky, enriched by the philosophical ideas of the Masaryk school and of the Russian and Polish realists. His literary friends have compiled and published for presentation to him on his sixtieth birthday a "Slavonsky prehled va leta 1914-1924," a review of the cultural life of the Slavonic nations during the past ten years, which might be a useful source of information for all students of the Slavonic question.

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By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

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The club goes further in its service to members than most organizations of its kind. The secretary indexes the members and their collecting interests and keeps them informed of all publications relating thereto; it puts members who have similar interests in touch with each other; it encourages the exchange of duplicates; it is gathering a library of bibliography, and it has begun a program of publishing.

It will soon issue "A Select Bibliography and History of the Principal Modern Presses, Public and Private, in Great Britain and Ireland." G. S. Tomkinson, who has been gathering material for years, has prepared the volume for the club. It is designed to show the great improvement in modern British printing and book production, brought about by the best typographers of the various public and private presses. Collectors interested in gathering fine exam-

ples of the best presses will find it an indispensable guide.

The scope of the work is a wide one. Wherever possible the details of the founding of the press will be given, with a statement of the objects which the founders had in mind in starting their press; the kinds of type, paper and bindings used; references to articles and books relating to the press; and in each instance it is hoped to include a complete list of books published, showing author, title, date of publication, number of copies printed and the price at which each was issued. The volume will be embellished by some sixty reproductions of title pages and other illustrations. Bernard H. Newdigate, a well-known authority on modern fine printing, will furnish an introduction.

The book will be printed at the Curwen Press on Van Gelder paper, in a crown octavo, bound in full buckram, with gold lettering and gilt top. One thousand copies will be printed, 600 for subscribers in Great Britain and 400 for subscribers in America. The price of the work has been fixed at two guineas. The indications now are that the entire edition will be sold soon after the date of publication, if not before.

## Lamb Letter

ONE of the few but interesting autograph letters sold at Sotheby's recently in the disposal of the MacGeorge library

was a letter written by Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, in May, 1824, soon after the death of Lord Byron, in which he said:

"So we have lost another poet. I never relished his Lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, & I can never make out his great power, which his admirers talk of. Why a line of Wordsworth is a lever to lift the immortal Spirit! Byron can only move the spleen. He was at best a Satyrist—in any other way he was mean enough. . . . He did not like the world, & he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the Radicals 'if they don't like the country, damn 'em let 'em leave it'—they possessing no food of ground in England, & he 10,000 acres."

In another portion of the letter Lamb shows his enthusiasm for the artist and poet, William Blake:

"He has seen the old Welch bards on Snowden—he has seen the Beautifullest, the Strongest, & the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, & has painted them from memory (I have seen his painting) and assert them to be as good as the figures of Raphael & Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-vision with himself."

This letter, with these and other interesting passages, brought £370.

## Shakespeare's Likenesses

THE mystery that veils so much in Shakespeare's genius, life and work in-

volves also some aspects of his iconography. In discussing this subject *The Periodical* says:

"It is probable that of Shakespeare more portraits have been painted, drawn, engraved and modeled than of any other uncrowned king of men. Four thousand different possible ways of spelling his name have been classified and published; the likenesses of him—in all methods of artistic expression—have been conceived on a proportionately lavish scale. The British Museum, it is true, according to its catalogue, has only about 200 engraved portraits of the poet; the Grolier Club of New York, at its Tercentenary Exhibition in 1916, did better with about 450, including fifty each of the Stratford bust and the Dreshout plate. Many of us, no doubt, could have added scores to these, and could have rounded them off with a collection of medals and token-coinage of Shakespeare, variants numbering well over 200. And yet, of all these presentments, only two portraits of the poet can be regarded as authentic—as carrying the authority and the approval of his friends, relations and fellow workers—the Dreshout print and the Stratford bust. Yet neither is directly a life-portrait."

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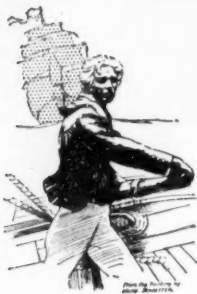
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A GREAT many people have been asking for a list of the novels and writings of Joseph Conrad. The following bibliography is listed according to the dates of publication:

- (1895)  
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THE ROVER

In 1923, also was published *The Concord Edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad*, the first, definitive edition of the writings of this great author, selling at popular prices. *The Concord Edition* is complete in 24 volumes, and is sold, separately, by volumes, in all bookstores, price, per volume, \$2.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

## The Phoenix Nest

THE desert, of course, is full of animals, and perhaps that is what moved us the other day, brooding detachedly upon the human race, to compose the following zoological epic. We see men as animals walking.

Take bishops: bishops might disport  
With more distended grace as whales.  
Take kings: I covet for a court  
Ocelot spots and tufted tails.  
Take merchants: merchants, I suppose,  
Must be allowed their solid views;  
But what of water buffaloes,  
And what of zebras and of gnus?

The clubman rosily alight,  
Replete and neat, and spick and span,  
Forgets the penguin's black and white,  
The gusto of the pelican;  
The brisk executive, whose nod  
And glare can generally abash,  
Has eyes no colder than the cod;  
The cod has a Chinese mustache!

The toucan's nose, the mandrill's rear  
Are just as queer as they can be—  
But Mrs. Omidear is queer  
And so is Mr. Umptehee;  
They do not flaunt such flagrant charms,  
That is the part that I deplore:  
Orang outang, where are thine arms?  
O lion, where thy volleying roar?

The Navigator of the Ark  
Appreciated garish beasts.  
He liked those yellow eyes at dark  
That prelude rather Roman feasts;  
If certain cronies disappeared,  
Absorbed, perhaps, in other friends,  
He did not really think it weird—  
We all exist for certain ends.

The point was—that the world was odd,  
With men and beasts and snakes and birds;  
One might, perhaps, imagine God  
Appropriating Noah's words.  
Take you and me (Suppose we do!),  
Our habits, moods and little flings:  
"O well, you know, one keeps a zoo,  
And one expects some curious things!"

In a Sunday newspaper some time ago we were glad to see honor done to Frank H. Vizetelly, denominated properly in the sub-head of that article "Lexicographer Extraordinary." Many, many years ago the first English translations of Zola resulted in the disruption of the firm of Vizetelly in England; which was a good thing for America, at least, for Frank H. Vizetelly came here and has become an institution at Funk & Wagnall's, where he presides over the fortunes of the *International*. Is it his translation of Anthony Hamilton, we wonder—we suppose, of course, that it must be—that Thomas B. Mosher referred to in his introduction to Arthur Symonds's essay, "Casanova at Dux" (which we have, by the way, presented to the Princess Badroulbadeur). Mr. Mosher mentions there that Vizetelly's edition of the "Memoirs of Anthony Hamilton" is the only one in which the memoirs have not been mishandled, and that it is out of print and practically unknown. By the way, in the article aforementioned on Vizetelly, the writer of the article tells us that Dr. Vizetelly

showed me in a morning paper a letter from Douglas Fairbanks to his composer, telling him to write music and never mind botching it to fit the picture. "Don't," he said, "flounder around like a banderlog." Fairbanks had elected

Alice's "banderlog" to membership in the society of legitimate words.

Here somebody is obviously wrong. "Alice's 'banderlog'" was not a "banderlog" but a "bander-snatch." "The banderlog" was Kipling's, adapted, we understand, from the native Indian. "Like one of the banderlog" would have been more accurate in referring to it, "banderlog" being a collective noun. Yet it is probable that Douglas may have said "bandersnatch." It is equally probable that Dr. Vizetelly knows that "banderlog" is not "Alice's." We acknowledge from Old Bill Morrow a copy of *Crosbie Garstin's* "Owls' House." Bill advises us that he has lately read the proofs of Garstin's new novel, "High Noon," which is going to come out serially in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and then be published in April by Stokes. Great stuff, says Bill.

Ethel M. Kelley's "Wings" is a book worth your attention. Miss Kelley seems to have invented a new structural stunt for a peculiarly interesting piece of work. We never read Warner Fabian's "Flaming Youth," but see that he has a new novel, "Sailors' Wives," that has been running in *The Daily Mirror*. Who is Fabian, who is he?—that's what we want to know.

We have been fascinated by some advance galleys of Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story." This is an autobiographical achievement that you can't afford to miss. It is uneven and has tedious stretches, but it also contains some of the best narrative Sherwood Anderson has written. To this book we, rather prematurely, look back with pleasant memories, and to Francis Hackett's "That Nice Young Couple." (When, by the way, is his "Henry VIII" going to appear?) We look forward with keen anticipation. Hackett is also, we understand, collecting material for "The Lives of the Saints." This work may not come along until 1926, but it ought to be worth waiting for. Constance Mayfield Rourke is another brilliant writer at present indulging in research in the field of American biography. It ought to yield results both instructive and entertaining.

We hear that Gerald Bullett's "The Street of the Eye" is a book of short stories of which the *London Spectator* said "this is perhaps the most brilliant volume of short stories," etc., etc. That makes us desirous of reading it. And, if you are not tired of prehistoric man, George Grant MacCurdy's "Human Origins" sets before you P. M.'s complete story; it is a book of considerable scientific value.

We have received a letter from Margory MacMurchey, whose book, "The Child's House," we lately mentioned, and we correct our version of her name, which is (as above) Margory, and not Margaret, as we said. Macmillan & Co., London, were the original publishers of this book, the manuscript being sent to London by the President of the Macmillan Company of Canada. Later Canadian and American editions appeared. We have been perusing a copy of "Bad Han" which Lincoln MacVeagh conveyed us a while ago, with his compliments. It is the first part of a novel, "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Westcott. "Bad Han" appeared in the *Dial* last January and after, and "The Apple of the Eye" ought to be out this fall. Westcott is a young writer who possesses a certain graphic power. And so we totter back to our pyramid with cordial regards. W. R. B.

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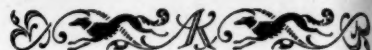
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